

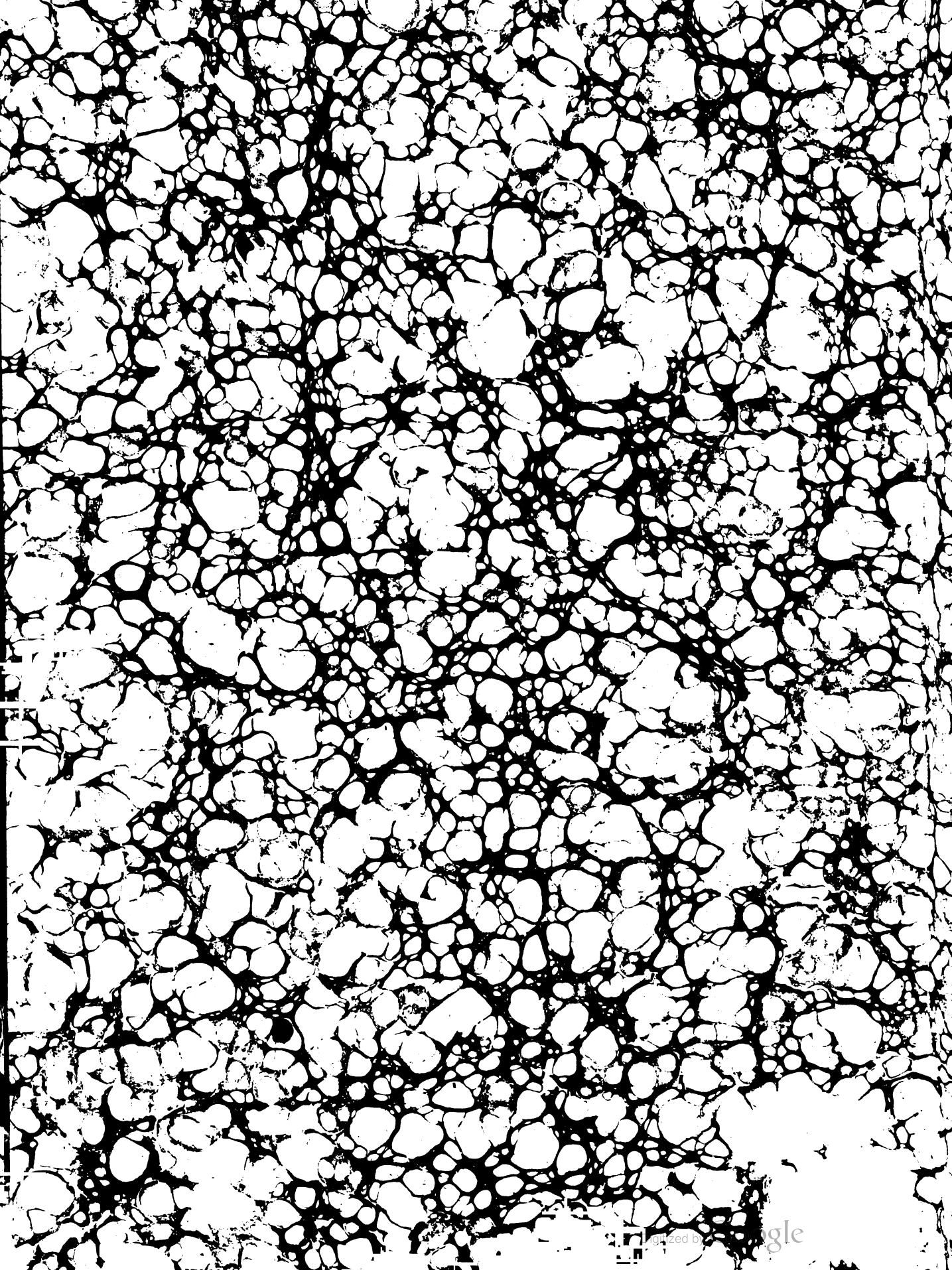
Ma 31 A 18

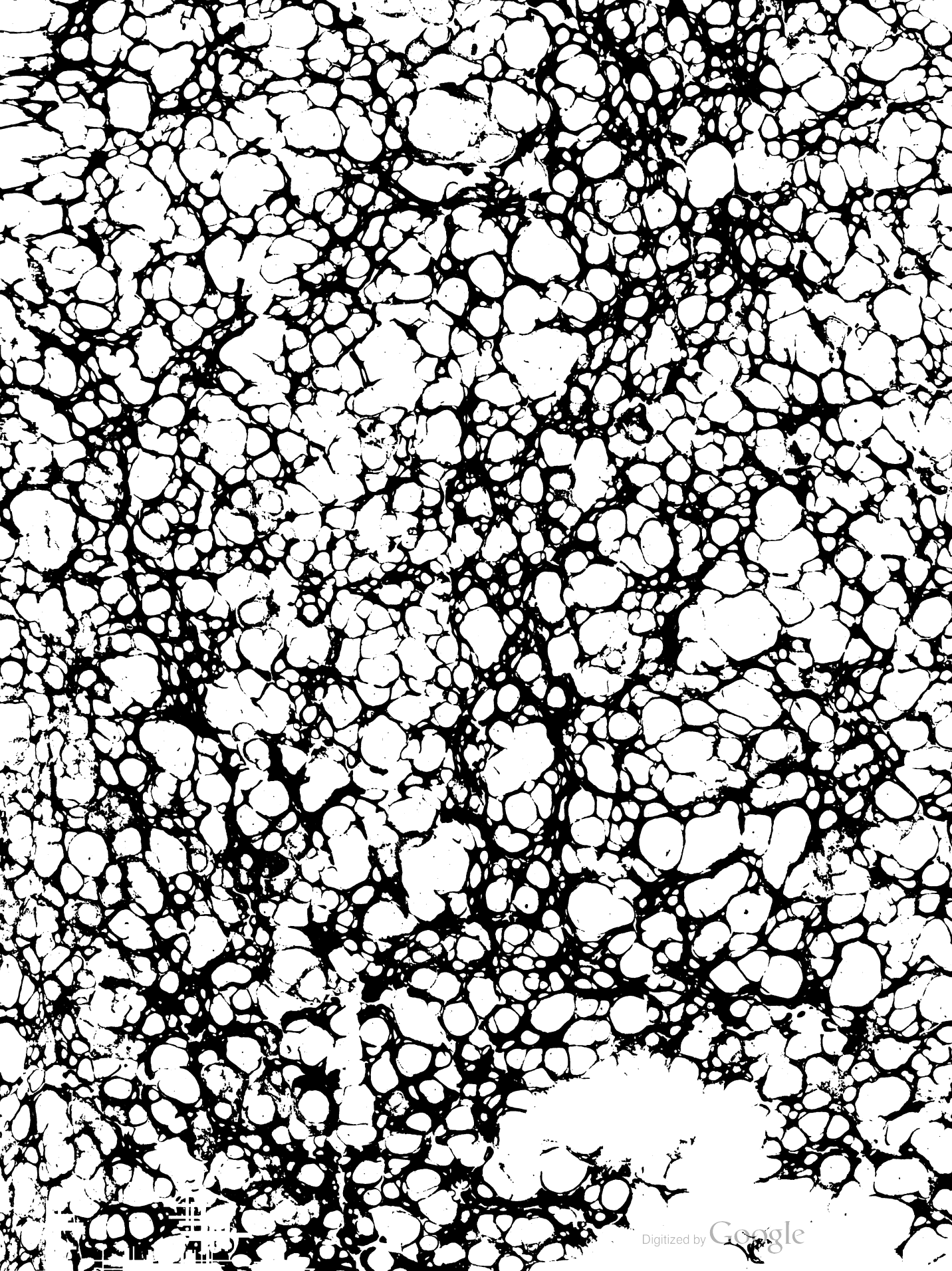
KAIS. KÖN. HOF BIBLIOTHEK

23.649-C

ALT-







23649-0

THE STAPLE OF NEWES.

A COMEDIE
ACTED IN THE
YEARE, 1625.

BY HIS MAIESTIES
SERVANTS.

The Author BEN : IONSON.

HOR. in ART. POET.

*Aut prodesse volunt, aut delectare poeta:
Aut simul & iucunda, & idonea dicere vita*



LONDON,
Printed by I. B. for ROBERT ALLOT, and are
to be sold at the signe of the Beare, in Pauls
Church-yard. 1631.



THE PERSONS OF THE PLAY.

- PENI-BOY. *the Sonne, the heire and Suiter.*
 PENI-BOY. *the Father. the Canter.*
 PENI-BOY. *the Uncle. The Vsurer.*
 CYMBAL. *Master of the Staple, and prime Ierer.*
 FITTON. *Emissary Court, and Ierer.*
 ALMANACH. *Doctor in Physick, and Ierer.*
 SHVN-FIELD. *Sea-captaine, and Ierer.*
 MADRIGAL. *Poetaster, and Ierer.*
 PICKLOCK. *Man o' law, and Emissary Westminster.*
 PYED-MANTLE. *Pursuant at armes, and Heraldet.*
 REGISTER. *Of the Staple, or Office.*
 NATHANEEL. *First Clerke of the Office.*
 THO: BARBR. *Second Clerke of the Office.*
 PECVNIA. *Infanta of the Mynes.*
 MORTGAGE. *Her Nurse.*
 STATUTE. *First Woman.*
 BAND. *Second Woman.*
 VVAXE. *Chambermaid.*
 BROKER. *Secretary, and Gentleman vs her to her Grace.*
 LICK-FINGER. *A Master Cooke, and parcell Poet.*
 FASHIONER. *The Taylor of the times.*
 LINENER. HABERDASHER.
 SHOOMAKER. SPURRIER.
 CUSTOMERS. { *Male and Female.*
 PORTER. DOGGES. II.

The SCENE. London.



THE INDUCTION.

The PROLOGVE enters.

After him, Gossip MIRTH. Gof. TATLE. Gof. EXPECTATION. and Gossip CENSURE.

4. Gentlewomen LADY-like attyred.

PROLOGVE.

Or your owne sake, not ours——



MIRTH. Come Gossip, be not asham'd. The Play is the Staple of Newes, and you are the Mistresse, and Lady of Tatle, let's ha' your opinion of it: Do you heare Gentleman? what are you? Gentleman-usher to the Play? pray you helpe us to some stooles here.

PROLOGVE. Where? o' the Stage, Ladies?

MIRTH. Yes, o' the Stage; wee are persons of quality, I assure you, and women of fashion; and come to see, and to be scene: My Gossip Tatle here, and Gossip Expectation, and my Gossip Censure, and I am Mirth, the daughter of Christmas, and spirit of Shrouetide. They say, It's merry when Gossips meet, I hope your Play will be a merry one!

PROLOGVE. Or you will make it such, Ladies. Bring a forme here, but what will the Noblemen thinke, or the graue Wits here, to see you seated on the bench thus?

MIRTH. Why, what should they thinke? but that they had Mothers, as we had, and those Mothers had Gossips (if their children were christned) as we are, and such as had a longing to see Playes; and sit upon them, as wee doe, and arraigne both them, and their Poëts.

PROLOGVE. O! is that your purpose? Why, M^{rs}. Mirth, and Madame Tatle, enioy your delights freely.

TATLE. Looke your Newes be new, and fresh, M^r. Prologue, and untainted, I shall find them else, if they be stale, or flye-blowne, quickly!

PROLOGVE. Wee aske no fauour from you, onely wee would entreate of Madame Expectation——

EXPECTATION. *What, Mr. Prologue?*

PROLOGUE. *That your Ladi-ship would expect no more then you understand.*

EXPECTATION. *Sir, I can expect enough!*

PROLOGUE. *I feare too much, Lady, and teach others to do the like?*

EXPECTATION. *I can doe that too, if I haue cause.*

PROLOGUE. *Cry you mercy, you neuer did wrong, but with iust cause. What's this, Lady?*

MIRTH. *Curiosity, my Lady Censure.*

PROLOGUE. *O Curiosity! you come to see, who weares the new sute to day? whose clothes are best penn'd, what euer the part bel which Actor has the best legge and foote? what King plays without cusses? and his Queene without gloues? who rides post in stockings? and daunces in bootes?*

CENSURE. *Yes, and which amorous Prince makes loue in drinke, or doe's ouer-act prodigiously in beaten satten, and, hauing got the tricke on't, will be monstrous still, in despite of Counsell!*

BOOK-HOLDER. *Mend your lights, Gentlemen. Master Prologue, beginne.*

TATLE. *Ay me!*

EXPECTATION, *Who's that?*

PROLOGUE. *Nay, start not Ladies, these carry no fire-workes to fright you, but a Torch to their hands, to giue light to the businesse. The truth is, there are a set of gamesters within, in trauell of a thing call'd a Play, and would faine be deliuer'd of it: and they haue intreated me to be their Man-Midwife, the Prologue; for they are like to haue a hard labour on't.*

TATLE. *Then the Poet has abus'd himselfe, like an Asse, as hee is.*

MIRTH. *No, his Actors will abuse him enough, or I am deceiu'd. Yonder he is within (I was i' the Tiring-house a while to see the Actors drest) rowling himselfe up and downe like a tun; i' the midst of 'hem, and spurges, neuer did vessel of wort, or wine worke so! His sweating put me in minde of a good Shroning dish (and I belecue would be taken up for a seruice of state somewhere, an't were knowne) a stew'd Poet! He doth sit like an vnbrac'd Drum with one of his heads beaten out: For, that you must note, a Poet hath two heads, as a Drum has, one for making, the other repeating, and his repeating head is all to pieces: they may gather it up i' the tiring-house; for hee hath torne the booke in a Poeticall fury, and put himselfe to silence in dead Sacke, which, were there no other vexation, were sufficient to make him the most miserable Embleme of patience.*

CENSURE. *The Prologue, peace.*

THE



THE PROLOGVE FOR THE STAGE

TOr your owne sakes, not his, he bad me say,
Would you were come to heare, not see a Play.
Though we his *Actors* must provide for those,
Who are our guests, here, in the way of shewes,
The maker hath not so; he'd haue you wise,
Much rather by your eares, then by your eyes:
And praves you'll not preiudge his Play for ill,
Because you marke it not, and sit not still;
But haue a longing to salute, or talke
With such a female, and from her to walke
With your discourse, to what is done, and where,
How, and by whom, in all the towne; but here.
Alas! what is it to his Scene, to know
How many Coaches in *Hide-parke* did show
Last spring, what fare to day at *Medleyes* was,
If *Dunstan*, or the *Phoenix* best wine has?
They are things—But yet, the Stage might stand as wel,
If it did neither heare these things, nor tell.
Great noble wits, be good vnto your selues,
And make a difference 'twixt Poetique clues,
And Poets: All that dable in the inke,
And defile quills, are not those few, can thinke,
Conceiue, expresse, and steere the soules of men,
As with a rudder, round thus, with their pen.
He must be one that can instruct your youth,
And keepe your *Acme* in the state of truth,
Must enterprize this worke, marke but his wayes,
What flight he makes, how new; And then he sayes;
If that not like you, that he sends to night,
'Tis you haue left to iudge, not hee to write.



THE PROLOGVE FOR THE COURT:

*A Worke not smelling of the Lampe, to night,
 But fitted for your Maiesties disport,
 And writ to the Meridian of your Court,
 Wee bring; and hope it may produce delight:
 The rather, being offered, as a Rite
 To Schollers, that can iudge, and faire report
 The sense they beare, about the vulgar sort
 Of Nut-crackers, that onely come for sight.
 Wherein, although our Title, Sir, be Newes.
 Wee yet aduventure, here, to tell you none;
 But shew you common follies, and so knowne,
 That though they are not truths, th'innocent Muse
 Hath made so like, as Phant'sie could them state,
 Or Poetry, without scandall, imitate.*

THE



THE STAPLE OF NEVVES.

ACT. I. SCENE. I.

PENI-BOY. IV. LETHER-LEGGE.



Ramercie *Letherleg* : Get me the Spurrier,
And thou hast fitted me. LET. I'll do't presently.
P. Iv. Look to me, wit, and look to my wit, Land,
That is, looke on me, and with all thine eyes,
Male, Female, yea, *Hermaphroditicke* eyes,
And those bring all your helpes, and perspicills,
To see me at best aduantage, and augment

My forme as I come forth, for I doe feele
I will be one, worth looking after, shortly.
Now, by and by, that's shortly. * 't strikes! One, two,
Three, foure, fise, six. Inough, inough, deare watch,
Thy pulse hath beate inough. Now sleepe, and rest;
Would thou couldst make the time to doe so too :
I'll winde thee vp no more. The houre is come
So long expected ! There, there, * drop my wardship,
My pupill age, and vassalage together.
And Liberty, come throw thy selfe about me,
In a rich suite, cloake, hat, and band, for now
I le sue out no mans Liuery, but miny owne,
I stand on my owne feete, so much a yeere,
Right, round, and sound, the Lord of mine owne ground,
And (to ryte to it) threescore thousand Pound !
* Not come ? Not yet ? Taylor thou art a vermine,
Worse then the same thou profecut'st, and prick'st
In subtrill seame— (Go too, I say no more)

* *His Shooc-
maker has
pull'd on a
new payre of
bootes; and
hee walks in
his Gowne,
waistcoat,
and trouses,
expelling his
Taylor.*

* *He drawes
foorth his
watch, and
sess it on the
Table,*

* *He throws
off his gowne*

* *He goes to
the doore,
and looks.*

Thus to retard my longings : on the day
 I doe write man, to beat thee. One and twenty,
 Since the clock strooke, compleat ! and thou wilt feele it
 Thou foolish *Animall* ! I could pittie him,
 (An' I were not heartily angry with him now)
 For this one peece of folly he beares about him,
 To dare to tempt the Furie of an heyre,
 T' above two thousand a yeere ; yet hope his custome !
 Well, M^r. *Fashioner*, theres some must breake—
 A head, for this your breaking. Are you come, Sir,

ACT.II. SCENE.IJ.

FASHIONER. PENIBOY. THOMAS
 BARBER. HABERDASHER.

GOD giue your worship ioy. P.Iv. What ? of your staying ?
 And leauing me to stalke here in my trowles,
 Like a tame *Her'n* for you ? FAS. I but waited
 Below, till the clocke strooke. P.Iv. Why, if you had come
 Before a quarter, would it so haue hurt you,
 In reputation, to haue wayted here ?

FAS. No, but your worship might haue pleaded nonage,
 If you had got 'hem on, ere I could make
 Iust *Affidavit* of the time. P.Iv. That iest
 Has gain'd thy pardon, thou had'st liu'd, condemn'd
 To thine owne hell else, neuer to haue wrought
 Stitch more for me, or any *Peniboy*,
 I could haue hindred thee: but now thou art mine.
 For one and twenty yeeres, or for three liues,
 Chuse which thou wilt, I'll make thee a *Copy-holder*,
 And thy first *Bill* vnquestion'd. Helpe me on.

FAS. Presently, Sir, I am bound vnto your worship. (*Some.*)

P.Iv. Thou shalt be, when I haue seal'd thee a *Lease* of my Cu-

FAS. Your wor^{sh}. *Barbar* is without. P.IN. Who ? *Thom*?

Come in *Thom*: set thy things vpon the Boord
 And spread thy clothes, lay all forth in *procinctu*,
 And tell's what newes ? THO. O Sir, a staple of newes !
 Or the *New Staple*, which you please. P.Iv. What's that ?

FAS. An *Office*, Sir, abraue young *Office* set vp.
 I had forgot to tell your worship. P.Iv. For what ?

THO. To enter all the *Neves*, Sir, o' the time,

He sayes his
 sute.

FAS. And vent it as occasion serues! A place
Of huge commerce it will be! P.Iv. Pray thee peace,
I cannot abide a talking Taylor: let *Thom*
(He's a Barber) by his place relate it,
What is't, an *Office, Thom*? THO. Newly erected
Here in the house, almost on the same floore,
Where all the newes of all sorts shall be brought,
And there be examin'd, and then registred,
And so be issu'd vnder the Scale of the *Office*,
As *Staple Newes*; no other newes be currant.

P.Iv. 'Fore me, thou speakest of a braue busines, *Thom*.

FAS. Nay, if you knew the brain that hatch'd it S—

P.Iv. I know thee wel inough: giue him a loaf, *Thom*—
Quiet his mouth, that Owen will be venting else.

Proceed— THO. He tels you true S^r. M^r *Cymbal*,
Is Master of the *Office*, he proiected it,
Hee lies here i'the house: and the great roomes
He has taken for the *Office*, and set vp
His Deskes and *Classes*, Tables and his Shelues,

FAS. He's my Customer, and a Wit Sir, too.

But, h' has braue wits vnder him— THO. Yes, foure *Emissaries*,

P.Iv. *Emissaries*? say, there's a fine new word, *Thom*!

'Pray God it signifie any thing, what are *Emissaries*?

THO. Men employ'd outward, that are sent abroad
To fetch in the commodity. FAS. From all regions
Where the best newes are made. THO. Or vented forth.

FAS. By way of exchange, or trade. P.Iv. Nay, thou wilt speak—

FAS. My share S^r. there's enough for both. P.Iv. Goe on then,
Speake all thou canst: we thinke, the ordinaries
Should helpe them much. FAS. Sir, they haue ordinaries,
And extraordinaries, as many changes,
And variations, as there are points i'the compasse.

THO. But the 4. Cardinall Quarters— P.Iv. I, those *Thom*—

THO. The *Court*, Sir, *Pauls*, *Exchange*, and *Westminster-hall*.

P.Iv. Who is the Chiefe? which hath preceedencie?

THO. The gouernour o'the *Staple*, Master *Cymbal*.

He is the Chiefe; and after him the *Emissaries*:

First *Emissary Court*, one Master *Fisson*;

He's a Iecer too. P.Iv. What's that? FAS. A Wit.

THO. Or halfe a Wit, some of them are *Halfe-wits*,

Two to a Wit, there are a set of 'hem.

Then Master *Ambler*, *Emissary Paules*,

A fine pac'd gentleman, as you shall see, walke

The middle Ile: And then my Froy *Hans Buz*,

A *Dutch-man*; he's *Emissary Exchange*.

FAS. I had thought M^r. *Burst* the Marchant had had it. THO.

He has a rupture, hee has sprung a leake,

Hee giues
the Taylor
leane to walke

Emissarie Westminster's vndispos'd of yet ;
 Then the *Examiner, Register,* and two *Clerkes,*
 They mannaage all at home, and fort, and file,
 And seale the newes, and issue them. P. Iv. *Thom,* deare *Thom.*
 What may my meanes doe for thee, aske, and haue it,
 I'd faine be doing some good. It is my *birth-day.*
 And I'd doe it berimes, I feeke a grudging
 Of bounty, and I would not long lye fallow.
 I pray thee thinke, and speake, or wish for something.

THO. I would I had but one o' the *Clerkes* places,
 I' this *Newes Office,*. P. Iv. Thou shalt haue it, *Thom,*
 It siluer, or gold will fetch it; what's the rate?
 At what is't set i' the Mercat? THO. Fiftie pound, Sir.

P. Iv. An't were a hundred, *Thom,* thou shalt not want it.

FAS. O Noble Master! P. Iv. How now *Æsops* Ass!

Because I play with *Thom,* must I needes runne
 Into your rude embraces? stand you still, Sir;
 Clownes fawnings, are a horses salutations.

How do'st thou like my suite, *Thom*? THO. M^r *Fashioner*
 Has hir your measures, Sir, h'has moulded you,
 And made you, as they say. FAS. No, no, not I,

I am an Ass, old *Æsops* Ass. P. Iv. Nay, *Fashioner,*
 I can doe thee a good turne too, be not musty,
 Though thou hast moulded me, as little *Thom* sayes,

(I thinke thou hast put me in mouldy pockets.) FAS. Asgood,
 Right *Spanish* perfume, the *Lady Eustasia's,*

They cost twelue pound a payre. P. Iv. Thy bill will say so:
 I pray thee tell me, *Fashioner,* what Authors

Thou read'st to helpe thy inuention? *Italian* prints?
 Or *Arras* hangings? They are Taylors *Libraries.*

FAS. I scorne such helps. P. Iv. O, though thou art a silk-worm!
 And deal'st in sattins and veluets, and rich plushes,

Thou canst not spin all formes out of thy selfe;
 They are quite other things: I thinke this suite
 Has made me wittier, then I was. FAS. Belieue it Sir,

That clothes doe much vpon the wit, as weather
 Do's on the braine; and thence comes your prouerbe;

The *Taylor makes the man*: I speake by experience
 Of my owne Customers. I haue had Gallants,
 Both Court and Countrey, would ha' fool'd you vp
 In a new suite, with the best wits, in being,

And kept their speed, as long as their clothes lasted
 Han' some, and neate; but then as they grew out
 At the elbowes againe, or had a staine, or spot,

They haue sunke most wretchedly. P. Iv. What thou report'st,
 Is but the common calamity, and scene daily;

And therefore you haue another answering prouerbe:

The Taylor
 leapes, and
 embraceth
 him.

He drawes
 out his poc-
 kets.

A broken sleeue keeps the arme backe, FAS. 'Tis true, Sir.
And thence wee say, that such a one playes at *peepe-arme*.

P. Iv. Doe you so? it is witrily sayd. I wonder, Gentlemen,
And men of meanes will not maintaine themselves
Fresher in wit, I meane in clothes, to the highest.
For hee that's out o' clothes, is out o' fashion,
And out of fashion, is out of countenance,
And out o' countenance, is out o' Wit.

Is not Rogue *Haberdasher* come? HAB. Yes, here, Sir.

I ha' beene without this halfe houre. P. Iv. Giue me my hat:

Put on my Girdle. Rascall, sits my Ruffe well? (same hat

LIN. In print. P. Iv. Slaue. LIN. See your selfe. P. Iv. is this
O' the blocke passant? Doe not answer mee,

I cannot stay for an answer. I doe feele

The powers of *one and twenty*, like a Tide

Flow in vpon mee, and perceiue an Heyre,

Can Coniure vp all spirits in all circles,

Rogue, Rascall, Slaue, giue tradesmen their true names,

And they appeare to 'hem presently. LIN. For profit.

P. Iv. Come, cast my cloake about me, I'll goe see,

This *Office Thom*, and be trimm'd afterwards.

I'll put thee in possession, my primeworke!

Gods so: my Spurrier! put 'hem on boy, quickly,

I had like to ha lost my Spurres with too much speed.

*They are all
about him;
busie.*

*His Spurrier
comes in.*

ACT. I. SCENE. IIJ.

PENI-BOY, Canter. *to them singing.*

Good morning to my Ioy, My iolly Peni-boy!

The Lord, and the Prince of plenty!

I come to see what riches, Thou bearest in thy breeches,

The first of thy one and twenty:

What, doe thy pockets gingle? Or shall wee neede to mingle

Our strength both of foote, and horses!

These fellows looke so eager, As if they would beleaguer

An Heyre in the midst of his forces!

I hope they be no Sericants! That hang vpon thy margents.

This Rogue has the Ioule of a Iaylor!

P. Iv. O Founder, no such matter, My Spurrier, and my Hatter,

My Linnen-man, and my Taylor.

Thou should'st haue beene brought in too, Shoemaker,

*The young
Peny-boy
answers in
rhyme.*

He takes the
bills, and puts
them vp in
his pockets.

If the time had beene longer, and *Thom Barber*.
How do'st thou like my company, old *Canter*?
Doc I not muster a braue troupe? all *Bill-men*?
Present your *Armes*, before my *Founder* here,
This is my *Founder*, this same learned *Canter*!
He brought me the first newes of my fathers death,
I thanke him, and euer since, I call him *Founder*,
Worship him, boyes, I'll read onely the summes. (blesse him.
And passe 'hem streight. *SHO.* Now *Ale.* *REST.* And strong *Ale*

P. Iv. Gods so, some *Ale*, and *Sugar* for my *Founder*!
Good *Bills*, sufficient *Bills*, these *Bills* may passe.

P. CA. I do not like those paper-squibs, good *Master*.
They may vndoe your store, I meane, of *Credit*,
And fire your *Arsenall*, if case you doe not
In time make good those *outerworkes*, your *pockets*,
And take a *Garrison* in of some *two hundred*,
To beat these *Pyoners* off, that carry a *Mine*
Would blow you vp, at last. Secure your *Casamates*,
Here *Master Picklocke*, Sir, your man o' *Law*,
And learn'd *Attorney*, has sent you a *Bag of munition*. (hem.

P. Iv. What is't? *P. CA.* Three hundred pieces. *P. Iv.* I'll dispatch

P. CA. Do, I would haue your strengths lin'd, and perfum'd
With *Gold*, as well as *Amber*. *P. Iv.* God a mercy,
Come, *Ad soluendum*, boyes! there, there, and there, &c.
I looke on nothing but *Totalis*. *P. CA.* See!

He payes all.

The difference 'twixt the couetous, and the prodigall!
„The Couetous man neuer has money! and
„The Prodigall will haue none shortly! *P. Iv.* Ha,
What saies my *Founder*? I thanke you, I thanke you *Sirs*.

ALL. God blesse your worship, and your worships *Chanter*.

P. CA. I say 't is nobly done, to cherish *Shop-keepers*,
And pay their *Bills*, without examining thus.

P. Iv. Alas! they haue had a pittifull hard time on't,
A long vacation, from their coozening.
Poore Rascalls, I doe doe it out of charity.

I would aduance their trade againe, and haue them
Haste to be rich, sweare, and forswear wealthily,
What doe you stay for, *Sirrah*? *SPV.* To my boxe Sir,

P. Iv. Your boxe, why, there's an *angel*, if my *Spurres*
Be not right *Rippon*. *SPV.* Giue me neuer a penny
If I strike not thorow your bounty with the *Rowells*.

P. Iv. Do'st thou want any money *Founder*? *P. CA.* Who, *S. I.*,
Did I not tell you I was bred i'the *Mines*,
Vnder Sir *Beuis Bullion*. *P. Iv.* That is true,
I quite forgot, you *Myne-men* want no money,
Your streets are pau'd with 't: there, the molten siluer
Runns out like creame, on cakes of gold. *P. CA.* And *Rubies*

He giues the
Spurrier, to
his boxe.

Doe grow like Strawberries. P. Iv. 'Twere braue being there !
Come *Thom*, we'll go to the *Office* now. P. Ca. What *Office* ?

P. Iv. *Newes Office*, the *New Staple*; thou shalt goe too,
'Tis here i' the house, on the same floore, *Thom*. sayes,
Come, *Founder*, let vs trade in Ale, and nutmegges.

ACT. I. SCENE. III.

REGISTER. CLERKE. WOMAN.

WHAT, are those Desks fit now ? set forth the Table,
The Carpet and the Chayfe: where are the *Newes*
That were examin'd last ? ha' you fil'd them vp ?

CLE. Not yet, I had no time. REG. Are those newes registred,
That *Emissary Buz* sent in last night ?

Of *Spinola*, and his *Egges* ? CLE. Yes Sir, and fil'd.

REG. What are you now vpon ? CLE. That our new *Emissary*
Westminster, gaue vs, of the *Golden Heyre*.

REG. Dispatch, that's newes indeed, and of importance.
What would you haue good woman ? WO. I would haue Sir,
A groatsworth of any *Newes*, I care not what,
To carry downe this *Saturday*, to our *Vicar*.

REG. O ! You are a Butterwoman, aske *Nathaniel*
The *clerke*, there. CLE. Sir, I tell her, she must stay
Till *Emissary Exchange*, or *Pauls* send in,
And then I'll fit her. REG. Doe good woman, haue patience,
It is not now, as when the *Captaine* liu'd.

CLE. You'll blast the reputation of the *Office*,
Now i' the Bud, if you dispatch these *Groats*,
So soone : let them attend in name of policie.

*A countrey-
woman
waites there.*

ACT. I. SCENE. V.

PENIBOY. CYMBAL. FITTON. THO:
BARBER. CANTER.

IN troth they are dainty roomes; what place is this?

CYM. This is the outer roome, where my *Clerkes* sit,
And keepe their sides, the *Register* i' the midst,
The *Examiner*, he sits priuate there, within,
And here I haue my seuerall *Rowles*, and *Fyles*
Of *Newes* by the *Alphabet*, and all put vp
Vnder their heads. P. Iv. But those, too, subdiuided?

CYM. Into *Authenticall*, and *Apocryphall*.

FIT. Or *Newes* of doubtfull credit, as *Barbers newes*.

CYM. And *Taylors Newes*, *Porters*, and *Watermens newes*,

FIT. Whereto, beside the *Coranti*, and *Gazetti*.

CYM. I haue the *Newes* of the season. FIT. As *vacation newes*,
Terme newes, and *Christmas newes*. CYM. And *newes* o' the *faction*.

FIT. As the *Reformed newes*, *Protestant newes*,

CYM. And *Pontificall newes*, of all which seuerall,
The *Day-bookes*, *Characters*, *Precedents* are kept.
Together with the names of speciall friends—

FIT. And men of *Correspondence* i' the *Countrey*—

CYM. Yes, of all ranks, and all Religions.—

FIT. *Factors*, and *Agents*— CYM. *Liegers*, that lie out
Through all the Shires o' the kingdome. P. Iv. This is fine!
And beares a braue relation! but what sayes
Mercurius Britannicus to this?

CYM. O Sir, he gaines by't halfe in halfe. FIT. Nay more
I'll stand to't. For, where he was wont to get

In, hungry *Captaines*, obscure *Statesmen*. CYM. Fellowes

To drinke with him in a darke roome in a *Tauerne*,

And eat a *Sawfage*. FIT. We ha' seen't, CYM. As *saine*,

To keepe so many *politique pennes*

Going, to feed the presse. FIT. And dish out *newes*,

Were't true, or false. CYM. Now all that charge is sau'd

The publique *Chronicler*. FIT. How, doe you call him there?

CYM. And gentle *Reader*. FIT. He that has the maidenhead
Of all the *bookes*. CYM. Yes, *dedicated to him*,

FIT. Or rather *prostituted*. P. Iv. You are right, Sir.

CYM. No more shall be abus'd, nor countrey-*Parsons*

O' the *Inquisition*, nor busie *Iustices*,
 Trouble the *peace*, and both torment themselves,
 And their poore ign'rant Neighbours with enquiries
 After the many, and most innocent *Monsters*,
 That neuer came i'th' Counties they were charg'd with.

P. Iv. Why, me thinks Sir, if the honest common people
 Will be abus'd, why should not they ha' their pleasure,
 In the belieuing Lyes, are made for them;
 As you i'th' *Office*, making them your selues?

FIT. O Sir! it is the printing we oppose.

CYM. We not forbid that any *Newes* be made,
 But that 't be printed; for when *Newes* is printed,
 It leaues Sir to be *Newes*. while 'tis but written —

FIT. Though it be ne're so false, it runnes *Newes* still.

P. Iv. See diuers mens opinions! vnto some,
 The very printing of them, makes them *Newes*;
 That ha' not the heart to beleue any thing,
 But what they see in print. FIT. I, that's an Error
 Ha's abus'd many; but we shall reforme it,
 As many things beside (we haue a hope)
 Are crept among the *popular abuses*.

CYM. Nor shall the *Stationer* cheat vpon the Time,
 By buttering ouer againe — FIT. once, in Seuen Yeares,
 As the age doates — CYM. And growes forgetfull o' them,
 His antiquated *Pamphlets*, with new dates.

But all shall come from the *Mint*. FIT. Fresh and new stamp'd,

CYM. With the *Office-Scale*, *Staple Commoditie*.

FIT. And if a man will assure his *Newes*, he may:
 Two-pence a Sheet he shall be warranted,
 And haue a *policie* for't. P. Iv. Sir, I admire
 The method o' your place; all things within't
 Are so digested, fitted, and compos'd,
 As it shewes *Wit* had married *Order*. FIT. Sir.

CYM. The best wee could to inuite the Times. FIT. It ha's
 Cost sweat, and freeing. CYM. And some broken sleepes
 Before it came to this. P. Iv. I easily thinke it.

FIT. But now it ha's the shape — CYM. And is come forth.

P. Iv. A most polite neat thing! with all the limbs,
 As sense can tast! CYM. It is Sir, though I say it,
 As well-begotten a busines, and as fairely
 Helpt to the World. P. Iv. You must be a Mid-wife Sir!
 Or els the sonne of a Mid-wife! (pray you pardon me)
 Haue helpt it forth so happily! what *Newes* ha' you?
Newes o' this morning? I would faine heare some
 Fresh, from the forge (as new as day, as they say.)

CYM. And such we haue Sir. REG. Shew him the last *Royle*,
 Of *Emissary West-minster's*, The *Heire*.

P. Iv.

any rejoy-
th, that he
m.

els Thom:
st.

Call in the
Penter.
For gives
the Clarke.

P. IV. Come nearer, *Thom*: CLA. There is a braue yong *Heire* Is come of age this morning, Mr. *Peny-boy*. P. IV. That's I!

CLA. His Father dy'd on this day seuenth-night. P. IV. True!

CLA. At fixe o'the Clocke i'the morning, iust a weeke Ere he was *One and Twenty*. P. IV. I am here, *Thom*!

Proceed, I pray thee. CLA. An old *Canting Begger*

Brought him first *Newes*, whom he has entertain'd,

To follow him, since. P. IV. Why, you shall see him! *Founder*,

Come in; no *Follower*, but *Companion*,

I pray thee put him in, Friend. There's an *Angell* —

Thou do'st not know, hee's a wise old Fellow,

Though he seeme patch'd thus, and made vp o' peeces.

Founder, we are in, here, in, i'the *Newes-Office*!

In this dayes *Roule*, already! I doe muse

How you came by vs Sir's! CYM. One Master *Pick-locke*

A Lawyer, that hath purchas'd here a place,

This morning, of an *Emissary* vnder me.

FIT. *Emissarie Westminster*. CYM. Gaue it into th' *Office*,

FIT. For his *Essay*, his pecee. P. IV. My man o' Law!

Hee's my Attorney, and Sollicitour too!

A fine *pragmaticke*! what's his place worth?

CYM. A *Nemo-sciit*, Sir. FIT. 'Tis as *Newes* come, in,

CYM. And as they are issued. I haue the iust *meoytie*

For my part: then the other *meoytie*

Is parted into seuen. The foure *Emissaries*;

Whereof my Cozen *Fitton* here's for *Court*,

Ambler for *Pauls*, and *Buz* for the *Exchange*,

Picklocke, for *Westminster*, with the *Examiner*,

And *Register*, they haue full parts: and then one part

Is vnder-parted to a couple of *Clarks*;

And there's the iust diuision of the profits!

P. IV. Ha' you those *Clarks* Sir. CYM. There is one Desk empty,

But it has many Suitors. P. IV. Sir, may I

Present one more and carry it, if his parts

Or Gifts, (which you will, call 'hem) CYM. Be sufficient Sir.

P. IV. What are your present *Clarks* habilities?

How is he qualified? CYM. A decay'd *Stationer*

He was, but knowes *Newes* well, can sort and ranke 'hem.

FIT. And for a need can make 'hem. CYM. True *Pauls* bred,

I'the *Church-yard*. P. IV. And this at the *West-dore*,

O'th other side, hee's my Barber *Thom*,

A pretty Scholler, and a *Master of Arts*,

Was made, or went out *Master of Arts* in a throng,

At the *Vniuersitie*; as before, one *Christmas*,

He got into a *Masque* at *Court*, by his wit,

And the good meanes of his *Cyther*, holding vp thus

For one o'the *Masique*, Hee's a nimble Fellow!

And

And alike skil'd in every *liberall Science*,
As hauing certaine snaps of all, a neat,
Quick-vaine, in forging *Newes* too. I doe loue him,
And promis'd him a good turne, and I would doe it.
Whats your price? the value? CYM. *Fifty pounds, Sr.*

P. Iv. Get in *Thom*, take possession, I install thee;
Here, tell your money; giue thee ioy, good *Thom*;
And let me heare from thee euery minute of *Newes*,
While the *New Staple* stands, or the *Office* lasts,
Which I doe wish, may ne're be lesse for thy sake.

CLA. The *Emissaries*, Sir, would speake with you,
And Master *Fitton*, they haue brought in *Newes*,
Three *Bale* together. CYM. Sr, you are welcome, here.

FIT. So is your creature. CYM. Businesse calls vs off, Sir,
That may concerne the *Office*. P. Iv. Keepe me faire, Sir,
Still i' your *Staple*, I am here your friend,
On the same floore. FIT. We shall be your seruants.

P. Iv. How dost thou like it, *Founder*? P. CA. All is well,
But that your man o' law me thinks appeares not
In his due time. O! Here comes Masters worship,

Hee buyes
Thom a
Clerkes
place.

They take
leane of Pe-
ny-boy, and
Cantor,

ACT. I. SCENE. VI.

PICKLOCK. PENI-BOY, IV.
P. CANTER.

How do's the *Heyre*, bright Master *Peniboy*?
Is hee awake yet in his *One and Twenty*?
Why, this is better farre, then to weare *Cypresse*,
Dull smutting gloues, or melancholy blacks,
And haue a payre of twelue-peny broad ribbands
Laid out like Labells. P. Iv. I should ha' made shift
To haue laught as heartily in my mourners hood,
As in this Suite, if it had pleas'd my father
To haue beene buried, with the Trumpeters:

PIC. The *Heralds of Armes*, you meane. P. Iv. I meane,
All noyse, that is superfluous! PIC. All that idle pompe,
And vanity of a Tombe-stone, your wise father
Did, by his will, preuent. Your worship had—

P. Iv. A louing and obedient father of him,
I know it: a right, kinde-natur'd man,
To dye sooppotunely. PIC. And to settle
All things so well, compounded for your ward ship

The weeke afore, and left your state entyre
 Without any charge vpon't. P. Iv. I must needes say,
 I lost an *Officer* of him, a good *Bayliffe*,
 And I shall want him; but all peace be with him,
 I will not wish him aliue, againe; not I,
 For all my Fortune; giue your worship ioy
 O'your new place, your *Emissary-ship*,
 I'the *News Office*. PIC. Know you, why I bought it Sr?

P. Iv. Not I. PIC. To worke for you, and carry a myne
 Against the Master of it, Master *Cymball*;
 Who hath a plot vpon a Gentlewoman,
 Was once design'd for you, Sir. P. Iv. Me? PIC. Your father,
 Old Master *Pemi-boy*, of happy memory,
 And wisdom too, as any i'the *County*,
 Carefull to finde out a fit match for you,
 In his owne life time (but hee was preuented)
 Left it in writing in a *Schedule* here,
 To be annexed to his *Will*; that you,
 His onely Sonne, vpon his charge, and blessing,
 Should take due notice of a Gentlewoman,
 Sojourning with your vncle, *Richer Pemi-boy*.

P. Iv. A *Cornish* Gentlewoman, I doe know her,
 Mistresse, *Pecunia doe-all*. PIC. A great *Lady*,
 Indeepe shee is, and not of mortall race,
Infanta of the *Mines*; her Graces Grandfather,
 Was *Duke*, and Cousin to the *King of Ophyr*,
 The *Subterranean*, let that passe. Her name is,
 Or rather, her three names are (for such shee is)
Anrelia Clara Pecunia, A great Princessse,
 Of mighty power, though shee liue in priuate
 With a contracted family! Her *Secretary*—

P. CA. Who is her Gentleman-vher too. PIC. One *Broker*,
 And then two Gentlewomen; Mistresse *Status*,
 And Mistresse *Band*, with *Waxe* the Chambermaide,
 And Mother *Mortgage*, the old Nurse, two Groomes,
Pawne, and his fellow; you haue not many to bribe, Sir.
 The worke is feizable, and th'approches easie,
 By your owne kindred. Now, Sir, *Cymball* thinks,
 The Master here, and gouernor o'the *Staple*,
 By his fine arts, and pompe of his great place
 To draw her! He concludes, shee is a woman!
 And that so soone as sh' heares of the *New Office*,
 Shee'll come to visit it, as they all haue longings
 After new sights, and motions! But your bounty,
 Person, and brauery must atchieue her. P. CA. Shee is
 The talke o'the time! th'adventure o'the age!

PIC. You cannot put your selfe vpon an action

Of

Of more importance. P. CA. All the world are suiters to her.

PIC. All sorts of men, and all professions!

P. CA. You shall haue stall-fed *Doctors*, cram'd *Diuines*
Make loue to her, and with those studied

And perfum'd flatteries, as no rome can stinke
More elegant, then where they are. PIC. Well chanted
Old *Canter* thou singst true. P. CA. And (by your leaue)

Good *Masters* worship, some of your veluet coate
Make corpulent curt'lies to her, till they cracke for't.

PIC. There's *Doctor Almanack* wooes her, one of the Ieerers,
A fine Physitian. P. CA. Your Sea-captaine, *Shun-field*,
Giues out hee'll goe vpon the *Cannon* for her.

PIC. Though his lowd mouthing get him little credit,

P. CA. Young Master *Pyed-mantle*, the fine *Herrald*
Professes to deriuer her through all ages,
From all the *Kings*, and *Queenes*, that euer were.

PIC. And Master *Madrigall*, the crowned *Poet*
Of these our times, doth offer at her praises

As faire as any, when it shall please *Apollo*,
That wit and rime may meete both in one subiect.

P. CA. And you to beare her from all these, it will be—

PIC. A work of fame. P. CA. Of honor. PIC. Celebration.

P. CA. Worthy your name. PIC. The *Peni-boyes* to liue in't,

P. CA. It is an action you were built for, Sir,

PIC. And none but you can doe it. P. IV. I'll vndertake it,

P. CA. And carry it. P. IV. Feare me not, for since I came

Of mature age, I haue had a certaine itch

In my right eye, this corner, here, doe you see?

To doe some worke, and worthy of a *Chronicle*.

The first Intermeane after the first *Ad.*

MIRTH. How now Gossip! how doe's the Play please you?

CENSURE. Very scuriously, me thinks, and sufficiently naught.

EXPECTATION. As a body would wish: here's nothing but a young
Prodigall, come of age, who makes much of the Barber, buyes him a
place in a new Office, i'the ayre, I know not where, and his man o' Law to
follow him, with the Begger to boose, and they two helpe him to a wife.

MIRTH. I, shee is a proper piece! that such creatures can broke for.

TATLE. I cannot abide that nasty fellow, the Begger, if hee had beene
a Court-Begger in good clothes; a Begger in veluet, as the, say, I could
haue endur'd him.

MIRTH. Or a begging scholler in blacke, or one of these beggerly
Poets, gossip, that would hang vpon a young heyre like a horseleech.

EXPEC. *Or a shred-bare Doctor of Physicke, a poore Quackesaluer.*

CENSURE. *Or a Sea-captaine, halfe steru'd.*

MIRTH. *I, these were tolerable Beggars, Beggars of fashion! you shall see some such anon!*

TATLE. *I would faine see the Foole, gossip, the Foole is the finest man i' the company, they say, and has all the wit: Hee is the very Iustice o' Peace o' the Play, and can commit whom hee will, and what hee will, error, absurdity, as the toy takes him, and no man say, blacke is his eye, but laugh at him.*

MIRTH. *But they ha' no Foole i' this Play, I am afraid, gossip.*

TATLE. *It's a wise Play, then.*

EXPECTATION. *They are all fooles, the rather, in that.*

CENSURE. *Like enough.*

TATLE. *My husband, (Timothy Tatle, God rest his poore soule) was wont to say, there was no Play without a Foole, and a Diuell in't; he was for the Diuell still, God blesse him. The Diuell for his money, would hee say, I would faine see the Diuell. And why would you so faine see the Diuell? would I say. Because hee has hornes, wife, and may be a cuckold, as well as a Diuell, hee would answer: You are e'en such another, husband, quoth I. Was the Diuell euer marri'd? where doe you read, the Diuell was euer so honorable to commit Matrimony; The Play will tell vs, that, sayes hee. we'll goe see't to morrow, the Diuell is an Asse. Hee is an errant learn'd man, that made it, and can write, they say, and I am fouly deceiu'd, but hee can read too.*

MIRTH. *I remember it gossip, I went with you, by the same token, Mr. Trouble Truth diswaded vs, and told vs, hee was a prophane Poet, and all his Playes had Duells in them. That he kept schole vpo' the Stage, could conture there, aboue the Schole of Westminster, and Doctor Lamb too: not a Play he made, but had a Diuell in it. And that he would learne vs all to make our husbands Cuckolds at Playes: by another token, that a young married wife i' the company, said, shee could finde in her heart to steale thither, and see a little o' the vanity through ber masque, and come practice at home.*

TATLE. *O, it was, Mistresse—*

MIRTH. *Nay, Gossip, I name no body. It may be 'twas my selfe.*

EXPECTATION. *But was the Diuell a proper man, Gossip?*

MIRTH. *As fine a gentleman, of his inches, as euer I saw trusted to the Stage, or any where else: and lou'd the common wealth, as well as ere a Patriot of 'hem all: hee would carry away the Vice on his backe, quicke to Hell, in euery Play where he came, and reforme abuses.*

EXPECTATION. *There was the Diuell of Edmonton, no such man, I warrant you.*

CENSURE. *The Coniurer coosen'd him with a candles end, hee was an Asse.*

MIRTH. *But there was one Smug, a Smith, would haue made a horse laugh, and broke his halter, as they say.*

TATLE. *O, but the poore man had got a sbrewd mischance, one day.*

EXPECTATION. *How, Gossip?*

TATTLE. *He had drest a Rogue lade i' the morning, that had the Staggers, and had got such a spice of' hem himselfe, by noone, as they would not away all the Play time, doe what hec could, for his heart.*

MIRTH. *'Twas his part, Gossip, he was to be drunke, by his part.*

TATTLE. *Say you so, I understood not so much.*

EXPECTA. *Would wee had such an other part, and such a man in this play, I feare 'twill be an excellent dull thing.*

CENSVRE. *Expect, intend it.*



ACT. II. SCENE. I.

PENI-BOY. SEN. PECVNIA. MORTGAGE.
STATUTE. BAND. BROKER.



Our *Grace* is sad me thinks, and melancholy!
You doe not looke vpon me with that face;
As you were wont, my Goddesse, bright *Pecunia*:
Although your *Grace* be false, of two i' the hundred,
In vulgar estimation; yet am I,
You *Graces* seruant still: and teach this body,

To bend, and these my aged knees to buckle,
In adoration, and iust worship of you.
Indeed, I doe confesse, I haue no shape
To make a minion of, but I'm your *Martyr*,
Your *Graces* *Martyr*. I can heare the Rogues,
As I doe walke the streetes, whisper, and point,
There goes old *Peni-boy*, the slaue of money,
Rich *Peni-boy*, *Lady Pecunia's* drudge,
A sordid Rascall, one that neuer made
Good meale in his sleep, but sells the acates are sent him;
Fish, Fowle, and venison, and preserues himselfe,
Like an old hoary Rat, with mouldy pye-crust.

This I doe heare, reioycing, I can suffer.

This, and much more, for your good *Graces* sake.

PEC. Why do you so my Guardian? I not bid you,
Cannot my *Grace* be gotten, and held too,
Without your selfe-tormentings, and your watches,
Your macerating of your body thus
With cares, and scantings of your dyet, and rest?

P. SE. O, no, your seruices, my *Princely Lady*,
Cannot with too much zeale of *rites* be done,
They are so sacred. PEC. But my Reputation.

May suffer, and the worship of my family,
When by so seruile meanes they both are sought.

P. SE. You are a noble, young, free, gracious *Lady*,
And would be euerie bodie's, in your bounty,
But you must not be so. They are a few
That know your merit, *Lady*, and can vauw't.
Your selfe scarce vnderstand's your proper powers.
They are *all-mighty*, and that wee your seruants,
That haue the honour here to stand so neere you,
Know; and can vse too. All this *Nether-world*
Is yours, you command it, and doe sway it,

The honour of it, and the honesty,
The reputation, I, and the religion,
(I was about to say, and had not err'd)

Is *Queene Pecunia's*. For that stile is yours,
If mortals knew your *Grace*, or their owne good.

MOR. Please your *Grace* to retire. BAN. I feare your *Grace*
Hath ta'ne too much of the sharpe ayre. PEC. O no!
I could endure to take a great deale more
(And with my constitution, were it left)

Vnto my choice, what thinke you of it, *Statute*?

STA. A little now and then does well, and keepes
Your *Grace* in your complexion. BAN. And true temper.

MOR. But too much *Madame*, may encrease cold rheumes,
Nourish catarrhes, greene sicknesses, and agues,
And put you in consumption. P. SE. Best to take
Aduice of your graue women, Noble *Madame*,
They know the state o' your body, and ha'tudied
Your *Graces* health. BAN. And honour. Here'll be visitants,
Or Suitors by and by; and 'tis not fit

They find you here. STA. 'Twill make your *Grace* too cheape
To giue them audience presently. MOR. Leape your *Secretary*,
To answer them. PEC. Waite you here, *Broker*. BRO. I shal *Madame*.
And doe your *Graces* trusts with diligence.

ACT.

ACT. II. SCENE. II.

PYED-MANTLE. BROKER.
PENI-BOY. SEN.

What luck's this? I am come an inch too late,
Doe you heare Sir? Is your worship o'the family
Vnto the *Lady Pecunia*? BRO. I serue her *Grace*, Sir,
Aurelia Clara Pecunia, the *Infanta*.

PYE. Has she all those *Titles*, and her *Grace* besides,
I must correct that ignorance and ouer-sight,
Before I doe present. Sir, I haue drawne
A *Pedigree* for her *Grace*, though yet a Nouice
In that so noble study. BRO. A *Herald at Armes*?

PYE. No Sir, a *Pursuant*, my name is *Pyed-mantle*.

BRO. Good Master *Pyed-mantle*. PYE. I haue deduc'd her.

BRO. From all the *Spanisb Mines* in the *West-Indies*,
I hope: for she comes that way by her mother,
But, by her Grand-mother, she's *Dutches of Mines*.

PYE. From mans creation I haue brought her. BRO. No further?
Before s^r, long before, you haue done nothing else,
Your *Mines* were before *Adam*, search your *Office*,
Rowle five and twenty, you will finde it so,
I see you are but a Nouice, Master *Pyed-mantle*.

If you had not told mee so. PYE. Sir, an *apprentise*
In *armoiry*. I haue read the *Elements*,
And *Accidence*, and all the leading bookes,
And I haue, now, vpon me a great ambition,
How to be brought to her *Grace*, to kisse her hands.

BRO. Why, if you haue acquaintance with *Mistresse Statute*,
Or *Mistresse Band*, my *Ladies Gentlewomen*,
They can induce you. One is a *Iudges Daughter*,
But somewhat stately; th'other *Mistresse Band*,
Her father's but a *Scriuener*, but shee can
Almost as much with my *Lady*, as the other,
Especially, if *Rose Waxe* the *Chambermaid*
Be willing. Doe you not know her, Sir, neither?

PYE. No in troth Sir. BRO. She's a good plyant wench,
And easie to be wrought, Sir, but the Nurse
Old mother *Mortgage*, if you haue a *Tenement*,
Or such a morsell? though shee haue no teeth,

She

Shee loues a sweet meat, any thing that melts
In her warme gummies, she could command it for you
On such a trifle, a toy. Sir, you may see,
How for your loue, and this so pure complexion,
(A perfect *Sanguine*) I ha' ventur'd thus,
The straining of a ward, opening a doore
Into the secrets of our family:

PYE. I pray you let mee know, Sir, vnto whom
I am so much beholden; but your name.

BRO. My name is *Broker*, I am *Secretary*,
And *Vsher*, to her *Grace*. PYE. Good Master *Broker*!

BRO. Good M^r. *Pyed-mantle*. PYE. Why? you could do me,
If you would, now, this fauour of your selfe.

BRO. Truly, I thinke I could: but if I would,
I hardly should, without, or *Mistresse Band*,
Or *Mistresse Statute*, please to appeare in it.
Or the good Nurse I told you of, *Mistresse Mortgage*.
We know our places here, wee mingle not
One in anothers sphere, but all moue orderly,
In our owne orbes; yet wee are all *Concentricks*.

PYE. Well, Sir, I'll waite a better season. BRO. Doe,
And study the right meanes, get *Mistresse Band*
To vrge on your behalfe, or little *Waxe*.

PYE. I haue a hope, Sir, that I may, by chance,
Light on her *Grace*, as she's taking the ayre:

BRO. That ayre of hope, has blasted many an ayrie
Of *Castrills* like your selfe: Good Master *Pyed-mantle*,

P. SE. Well said, Master *Secretary*, I stood behinde
And heard thee all. I honor thy dispatches.
If they be rude, vntained it our method
And haue not studied the rule, dismisse hem quickly,
Where's *Lickfinger* my Cooke? that vnctuous rascall?
Hee'll neuer keepe his houre, that vessell of kitchin stuffe!

Broker
makes a
mouth at
him.
Hee sees
him againe.
Old Penny-
boy leaps

ACT.

ACT.II. SCENE.IIJ.

BROKER. PENY-BOY. SE.
LICK-FINGER.

HEere hee is come, Sir. P. SE. Pox vpon him kidney,
Alwaies too late! LIC. To wish 'hem you, I confesse,
That ha'them already. P. SE. What? LIC. The pox! P. SE. The
The plague, and all diseases light on him, (piles,
Knowes not to keepe his word. I'd keepe my word sure!
I hate that man that will not keepe his word,
When did I breake my word? LIC. Or I, till now?
And 'tis but halfe an houre. P. SE. Halfe a yeere:
To mee that stands vpon a minute of time.
I am a iust man, I loue still to be iust.

LIC. Why? you thinke I can runne like light-foot *Ralph*,
Or keep a wheele-barrow, with a sayle in towne here,
To whirle me to you: I haue lost two stone
Off suet i' the seruice posting hither,
You might haue followed me like a watering^g por,
And seene the knots I made along the street;
My face dropt like the skimmer in a fritter panne,
And my whole body, is yet (to say the truth)
A roasted pound of butter, with grated bread in 't!

P. SE. Belieue you, he that list. You stay'd of purpose,
To haue my venison stinke, and my fowle mortify'd,
That you might ha' 'hem--LIC. A shilling or two cheaper,
That's your ieaousie. P. SE. Perhaps it is.
Will you goe in, and view, and value all?
Yonder is venison sent mee! fowle! and fish!
In such abundance! I am sicke to see it!
I wonder what they meane! I ha' told 'hem of it!
To burthen a weake stomacke! and prouoke
A dying appetite! thrust a sinne vpon me
Ine'r was guilty of! nothing but gluttony!
Grosse gluttony! that will vndoe this Land!

LIC. And bating two i' the hundred. P. SE. I, that same's
A crying sinne, a fearefull damn'd deuice,
Eats vp the poore, deuoures 'hem--LIC. Sir, take heed
What you giue out. P. SE. Against your graue great *Solons*?
Nunia Pompilijs, they that made that *Law*?

*He sweeps
his face.*

To take away the poore's inheritance ?

It was their portion: I will stand to't.

And they haue rob'd 'hem of it, plainly rob'd 'hem,

I still am a iust man, I tell the truth.

When moneies went at Ten i'the hundred, I,

And such as I, the seruants of *Pecunia*,

Could spare the poore *two* out of *ten*, and did it,

How say you, *Broker* ? (LIC. Ask your *Echo*) BRO. You did it.

P. SE. I am for Iustice, when did I leaue Iustice ?

We knew 'twas theirs, they had right and *Title* to't.

Now---LIC. You can spare 'hem nothing. P. SE. Very little,

LIC. As good as nothing. P. SE. They haue bound our hands

With their wise solemne act, shortned our armes.

LIC. Beware those worshipfull cares, Sir, be not shortned,

And you play Crop i'the fleete, if you vse this licence.

P. SE. What licence, Knaue ? Informer ? LIC. I am *Lickfinger*,

Your Cooke. P. SE. A faucy *Jacke* you are, that's once;

VVhat said I, *Broker* ? BRO. Nothing that I heard, Sir.

LIC. I know his gift, hee can be deafe when he list.

P. SE. Ha' you provided me my bushell of egges ?

I did bespeake ? I doe not care how stale,

Or stincking that they be ; let 'hem be rotten:

For ammunition here to pelt the boyes,

That breake my windowes ? LIC. Yes Sir, I ha' spar'd 'hem

Out of the custard politique for you, the Maiors.

P. SE. 'Tis well, goe in, take hence all that excesse,

Make what you can of it, your best: and when

I haue friends, that I inuite at home, prouide mee

Such, such, and such a dish, as I bespeake;

One at a time, no superfluitie.

Or if you haue it not, returne mee money;

You know my waies. LIC. They are a little crooked.

P. SE. How knaue ? LIC. Because you do indent. P. SE. 'Tis

I do indent you shall returne me money. (true, Sir,

LIC. Rather then meat, I know it: you are iust still.

P. SE. I loue it still. And therefore if you spend

The red-Deere pyes i'your house, or sell 'hem forth, Sir,

Cast so, that I may haue their coffins all,

Return'd here, and pil'd vp: I would be thought

To keepe some kind of house. LIC. By the mouldie signes ?

P. SE. And then remember meat for my two dogs:

Fat flaps of mutton; kidneyes; rumps of veale;

Good plentious scraps; my maid shall eat the reliques.

LIC. VVhen you & your dogs haue din'd. A sweet reuerfion.

P. SE. VVho's here? my *Courtier*? and my little *Doctor*?

My *Muste-Master*? and what *Plouer's* that

They haue brought to pull? BRO. I know not, some green *Plouer*.

I'll

I'll find him out. P. SE. Doe, for I know the rest,
They are the *leerers*, mocking, flouting *lackes*.

ACT. II. SCENE. IV.

FITTON. PENI-BOY. SE. ALMANACH.
SHVNFIELD. MADRIGAL. LICK-
FINGER. BROKER.

HOW now old *Money-Bawd*: w'are come--P. IV. To *seere* me,
As you were wont, I know you. ALM. No, to giue thee
Some good security, and see *Pecunia*.

P. SE. What is't? FIT. Our selues.

ALM. Wee lbe one bound for another.

FIT. This noble *Doctor* here. ALM. This worthy *Courtier*.

FIT. This *Man o' war*, he was our *Master-Master*.

ALM. But a *Sea-Captaine* now, braue *Captaine Shvn-field*.

SHVN. You snuffe the *ayre* now, as the scent displeas'd you?

FIT. Thou needst not feare him man, his credit is sound;

ALM. And season d too, since he tooke salt at Sea.

P. SE. I doe not loue pickt security,

Would I had one good *Fresh-man* in for all;

For truth is, you three stinke. SHV. You are a Rogue,

P. SE. I thinke I am, but I will lend no money

On that security. *Captaine*. ALM. Here's a Gentleman,

A *Fresh-man* i the world, one Master *Madrigall*.

FIT. Of an vntainted credit; what say you to him?

SHV. Hee's gone me thinkes, where is he? *Madrigall*?

P. SE. H' has an odde singing name, is he an Heyre?

FIT. An Heyre to a faire fortune, ALM. And full hopes:

A dainty *Scholler*, and a pretty *Poët*!

P. SE. Y'aue said enough. I ha' no money, Gentlemen,

An' he goe to't in ryme once, not a penny.

SHV. Why, hee's of yeares, though he haue little beard,

P. SE. His beard has time to grow. I haue no money:

Let him still dable in *Poetry*. No *Pecunia*

Is to be seene. ALM. Come, thou lou'st to be costiuè

Still i thy curt'sie; but I haue a pill,

A golden pill to purge away this melancholly.

SHV. Tis nothing but his keeping o' the house here,

With his two drowfie doggs. FIT. A drench of sacke

At a good tauerne, and a fine fresh pullet,

He holds up
his nose.

Madrigall
Steps aside
with Bro-
ker.

He snuffles
again.

Would cure him. LIC. Nothing but a yong Haire in white. I know his diet better then the *Doctor*. (broth,

SHV. What *Lick-finger*? mine old host of *Ram-Alley*? You ha' some mercat here. ALM. Some dosser of Fish Or Fowle to fetch of. FIT. An odde bargaine of Venison, To driue. P. SE. Willyou goe in, knaue? LIC. I must needs, You see who driues me, gentlemen. ALM. Not the *dinell*.

FIT, Hee may be in time, hee is his *Agent*, now.

P. SE. You are all cogging *Iacks*, a Couy o' wits, The Ieerers, that still call together at meales: Orratheran Airy, for you are birds of prey: And flie at all, nothing's too bigge or high for you. And are so truely fear'd, but not belou'd One of another: as no one dares breake Company from the rest, lest they should fall, Vpon him absent. ALM. O! the onely *Oracle* That euer peept, or spake out of a dublet.

SHV. How the rogue stinks, worse then a Fishmonger sleeues!

FIT. Or Curriers hands! SHV. And such a perboil'd visage!

FIT. His face lookes like a Diers apron, iust!

ALM. A sodden head, and his whole braine a possit curd!

P. SE. I, now you ieeere, icere on, I haue no money.

ALM. I wonder what religion hee's of!

FIT. No certaine *species* sure, A kinde of mule! That's halfe an *Ethnicke*, halfe a *Christian*!

P. Se. I haue no monie, gentlemen. SHV. This stocke.

He has no sense of any vertue, honour,

Gentrie or *merit*. P. Se. You say very right,

y *meritorious Captaine*, (as I take it!)

Merit will keepe no house, nor pay no house rent.

Will *Mistresse Merit* goe to mercat, thinke you?

Set on the pot, or feed the family?

Will *Gentry* cleare with the Butcher? or the Baker?

Fetch in a Pheasant, or a brace of Partridges,

From good-wife *Poultier*, for my *Ladies* supper.

(tho',

FIT. See! this pure rogue! P. Se. This rogue has money My worshipfull braue *Courtier* has no money.

No, nor my valiant *Captaine*. SHV. Hang you rascall.

P. Se. Nor you, my learned *Doctor*. I lou'd you

Whil you did hold your practice, and kill tripe wiues.

And kept you to your vrinall; but since your thombes

Haue greas'd the *Ephemerides*, casting figures,

And turning ouer for your Candle-rents,

And your twelue houses in the *Zodiacke*:

With your *Almutens*, *Alma cantaras*,

Troth you shall cant alone for *Peny-boy*.

SHV. I told you what we should find him, a meere Bawd.

FIT.

Peny-boy
thrusts him
in.

FIT. A rogue, a cheater. P. Se. What you please, gentlemen, I am of that humble nature and condition, Neuer to minde your worships, or take notice Of what you throw away; thus. I keepe house here Like a lame Cobler, neuer out of doores, With my two dogs, my friends; and (as you say) Driue a quicke pretty trade, still. I get money: And as for Titles, be they *Rogue*, or *Rascall*, Or what your worships fancy, let 'hem passe As transitory things; they're mine to day, And yours tomorrow. ALM. Hang thee dog. SHV. Thou curre.

P. Se. You see how I doe blush, and am ashamed Of these large attributes? yet you haue no money.

ALM. Well wolfe, *Hyena*, you old pockie rascall, You will ha' the *Hernia* fall downe againe Into your *Scrotum*, and I shall be sent for.

I will remember then, that; and your *Fistula In ano*, I cur'd you of. P. Se. Thanke your dog-leech craft. They were 'holesome piles, afore you meddl'd with 'hem.

ALM. What an vngratefull wretch is this? SHV. Hee minds A curtesie no more, then *London-bridge*, What Arch was mended last. FIT. Hee neuer thinks. More then a logge, of any grace at Court, A man may doe him: or that such a *Lord* Reach't him his hand. P. Se. O yes! if grace would strike The brewers Tally, or my good *Lords* hand, Would quit the scores. But Sir, they will not doe it. Here's a piece, my good *Lord* piece, doth all.

Goes to the Butchers. fetches in a muton, Then to the Bakers, brings in bread, makes fires, Gets wine, and does more reall Curtesies, Then all my *Lords*, I know: My sweet *Lord* peece! You are my *Lord*, the rest are cogging *lacks*, Vnder the *Rose*. SHV. Rogue, I could beat you now,

P. Se. True *Captaine*, if you durst beat any other. I should belieue you, but indeed you are hungry; You are not angry *Captaine*, if I know you Aright; good *Captaine*. No, *Pecunia*, Is to be seene, though *Mistresse Band* would speake, Or little *Blusket-Waxe*, be ne'r so easie, I'll stop mine eares with her, against the *Syrens*, *Court*, and *Philosophy*. God be wi' you, Gentlemen, Prouide you better names. *Pecunia* is for you.

FIT. What a damn'd *Harpy* it is? where's *Madrigall*? Is he sneek'd hence. SHV. Here he comes with *Broker*, *Pecunia's Secretary*. ALM. He may doe some good With him perhaps. Where ha you beene *Madrigall*?

He shows a piece.

Madrigall returns.

MAD. Aboue with my *Ladies* women, reading verses.

FIT. That was a fauour. Good morrow, Master *Secretary*.

SHV. Good morrow, Master *vs*her. ALM. Sir, by both
Your worshipfull *Titles*, and your name Mas *Broker*.

Good morrow. MAD. I did aske him if hee were

Amphibion Broker. SHV. Why? ALM. A creature of two natures,

Because hee has two *Offices*. BRO. You may iecre,

You ha' the wits, young Gentlemen. But your hope

Of *Helicon*, will neuer carry it, heere,

With our fat family; we ha the dullest,

Most unboar'd Eares for verse amongst our females.

I grieu'd you read so long, Sir, old Nurse *Mortgage*,

Shce snoar'd i' the Chaire, and *Statute* (if you mark'd her)

Fell fast a sleepe, and Mistresse *Band*, shce nodded,

But not with any consent to what you read.

They must haue somwhat else to chinke, then rymes.

If you could make an *Epitaph* on your Land,

(Imagine it on departure) such a *Poem*

Would wake 'hem, and bring *waxe* to her true temper.

MAD. I faith Sir, and I will try. BRO. 'Tis but earth,

Fit to make bricke and tyles of. SHV. Pocks vpon't

'Tis but for pots, or pipkins at the best.

If it would keepe vs in good tabacco pipes,

BRO. 'Twere worth keeping. FIT. Or in *porc'lane* dishes

There were some hope. ALM. But this is a hungry soile,

And must be helpt. FIT. Who would hold any Land

To haue the trouble to marle it. SHV. Not a gentleman.

BRO. Let clownes and hyndes affect it, that loue ploughes,

And carts, and harrowes, and are busie still,

In vexing the dull element. ALM. Our sweete *Songster*

Shall ratifie't into ayre. FIT. And you Mas. *Broker*

Shall haue a feeling. BRO. So it supple, Sir,

The nerues. MAD. O! it shall be palpab'e,

Make thee runne thorow a hoope, or a thombe-ring,

The nose of a tabacco pipe, and draw

Thy ductile bones out, like a knitting needle,

To serue my subtile turnes. BRO. I shall obey, Sir,

And run a thred, like an houre-glasse. P. SE. Where is *Broker*?

Are not these flies gone yet? pray quit my house,

I'll smoake you out else. FIT. O! the Prodigall!

Will you be at so much charge with vs, and losse?

MAD. I haue heard you ha' offered Sir, to lock vp smoake,

And cauke your windores, spar up all your doores,

Thinking to keepe it a close prisoncr wth you,

And wept, when it went out, Sir, at your chimney.

FIT. And yet his eyes were dryer then a pummise.

SHV. A wretched rascall, that will binde about

The nose of his bellows, lest the wind get out
 When hee's abroad. ALM. Sweepes downe no cobwebs here,
 But sells 'hem for cut-fingers. And the spiders,
 As creatures rear'd of dust, and cost him nothing,
 To far old *Ladies* monkeyes. FIT. Hee has offer d
 To gather vp spilt water, and preserue
 Each haire falls from him to stop balls with all.

SHV. A slaue, and an Idolater to *Pecunia*!

P.SE. You all haue happy memories, Gentlemen,
 In rocking my poore cradle. I remember too,
 When you had lands, and credit, worship, friends,
 I, and could giue security: now, you haue none,
 Or will haue none right shortly. This can time,
 And the vicissitude of things. I haue
 All these. and money too, and doe possesse 'hem,
 And am right heartily glad of all our memories,
 And both the changes. FIT. Let vs leaue the viper.

P.SE. Hee's glad he is rid of his torture, and so soone.

Broker, come hither, vp, and tell your *Lady*,
 Shee must be readie presently, and *Statute*,
Band, *Mortgage*, *VVax*. My prodigall young kinsman
 Will streight be here to see her, *top of our house*,
 The flourishing, and flanting *Peny-boy*.

Wwe were but three of vs in all the world,
 My brother *Francis*, whom they call'd *Franck Peny-boy*,
 Father to this: hee's dead. This *Peny-boy*,
 Is now the heire! I, Richer *Peny-boy*,
 Not *Richard* but old *Harry Peny-boy*,
 And (to make rime) close, wary *Peny-boy*
 I shall haue all at last, my hopes doe tell me.

Goe, see all ready; and where my dogs haue falted,
 Remoue it with a broome, and sweeten all
 VVith a slice of iuniper, not too much, but sparing,
 VVe may be faultie out selues else, and turne prodigall,
 In entertaining of the *Prodigall*.

Here hee is! and with him---what! a *Clapper Dudgeon*!
 That's a good signe, to haue the begger follow him,
 So neere at his first entry into fortune.

ACT. II. SCENE. V.

PENY-BOY. IV. PENI-BOY. SEN. PICLOCK.
CANTER.) BROKER. PECVNIA. STATVTE.
BAND. WAX. MORTGAGE. *bid in the study.*

HOW now old Vncle? I am come to see thee.
And the braue *Lady*, here, the daughter of *Ophir*,
They say thou keepst. P. SE. Sweet Nephew, if she were
The daughter o' the *Sunne*, shee's at your seruice,
And so am I, and the whole family,
Worshipfull Nephew. P. IV. Sai'st thou so, deare Vncle?
Welcome my friends then: Here is, *Domine Picklocke*:
My *man o' Law*, follicits all my causes.
Followes my businesse, makes, and compounds my quarrells,
Betweene my tenants and mee, sowes all my strifes,
And reapes them too, troubles the country for mee,
And vexes any neighbour, that I please.

P. SE. But with commision? P. IV. Vnder my hand & seale.

P. SE. A worshipfull place! PIC. I thanke his worship for it.

P. SE. But what is this old Gentleman? P. CA. A Rogue,
A very *Canter*, I Sir, one that *maunds*

Vpon the *Pad*, wee should be brothers though:

For you are nere as wretched as my selfe,

You dare not vse your money, and I haue none.

P. SE. Not vse my money, cogging *lacke*, who vses it
At better rates? lets it for more i the hundred,
Then I doe, Sirrah? P. IV. Be not angry vncle.

P. SE. What? to disgrace me, with my *Queene*? as if
I did not know her valew. P. CA. Sir, I meant

You durst not to enioy it. P. SE. Hold your peace,

You are a *lacke*. P. SE. Vncle, he shall be a *John*,

And, you goe to that, as good a man as you are.

An' I can make him so, a better man,

Perhaps I will too. Come, let vs goe. P. SE. Nay, kinsman,

My worshipfull kinsman, and the top of our house,

Doe not your penitent vncle that affront,

For a rash word, to leaue his ioyfull threshold,

Before you see the *Lady* that you long for.

The *Venus* of the time, and state, *Pecunia*!

I doe perceiue, your bounty loues the man,

Young Pe-
ny-boy is
angry.

For some concealed vertue, that he hides
Vnder those rags. P. CA. I owe my happinesse to him;
The waiting on his worship, since I brought him
The happy *Newes*; welcome to all young heires.

P. IV. Thou didst indeed, for which I thanke thee yet;
Your *Fortunate Princeesse*, Vncle, is long a comming.

P. CA. She is not rigg'd, Sir, setting forth some *Lady*;
Will cost as much as furnishing a Fleete,
Here she's come at last, and like a Galley
Guilt i' the prow. P. IV. Is this *Pecunia*?

P. SE. Vouchsafe my toward kinsman, gracious *Madame*,
The fauour of your hand. P. C. Nay, of my lips, Sir,
To him. P. IV. She kisses like a mortall creature,
Almighty Madame, I haue long'd to see you.

P. C. And I haue my desire, Sir, to behold
That youth, and shape, which in my dreames and wakes,
I haue so oft contemplated, and felt
Warne in my veynes, and natue as my blood.
When I was told of your arriuall here,
I felt my heart beat, as it would leape out;
In speach; and all my face it was a flame,
But how it came to passe I doe not know.

P. IV. O! beauty loues to be more proud then nature,
That made you blush: I cannot satisfie
My curious eyes, by which alone I am happy,
In my beholding you. P. CA. They passe the complement
Prettily well. P. C. I, he does kisse her, I like him.

P. IV. My passion was cleare contrary, and doubtfull;
I shooke for feare, and yet I danc'd for ioy,
I had such motions as the Sunne-beames make
Against a wall, or playing on a water,
Or trembling vapour of a boyling pot----

P. SE. That's not so good, it should ha'bin a *Crucible*,
With molten mettall, she had vnderstood it.

P. IV. I cannot talke, but I can loue you, *Madame*.
Are these your Gentlewomen? I loue them too.
And which is mistresse *Statute*? Mistresse *Band*?
They all kisse close, the last stucke to my lips.

BRO. It was my *Ladies* Chamber-maid, soft-waxe.

P. IV. Soft lips she has, I am sure on't. Mother *Mortgage*,
I'll owe a kisse, till she be yonger, *Statute*,
Sweet Mistresse *Band*, and honey, little *VVaxe*,
We must be better acquainted. STA. We are but seruants, Sir.

BAND. But whom her *Grace* is so content to grace,
We shall obserue. WAX. Aand with all fit respect.

MOR. In our poore places. WAX. Being her *Graces* shadowes.

P. IV. A fine well-spoken family. What's thy name?

The study is
open'd where
she sits in
state:
Shee kisseth
him.

He kisseth
her.

He doubles
the comple-
ment to them
all.

BRO. *Broker*. P. IV. Me thinks my vncle should not need thee,
Who is a crafty Knaue, enough, belecue it.

Art thou her *Graces* Steward? BRO. No, her *Vsher*, Sir.

P. IV. What, o'the Hall? thou hast a sweeping face,
Thy beard is like a broome. BRO. No barren chin, Sir,
I am no *Eunuch*, though a Gentleman-*Vsher*.

P. IV. Thou shalt goe with vs. Vncle, I must haue
My *Princesse* forth to day. P. SE. Whither you please, Sir,
You shall command her. PEC. I will doe all grace

To my new seruant. P. SE. Thanks vnto your bounty;
He is my Nephew, and my Chiefe, the Point,
Tip, Top, and Tuft of all our family!

But, Sir, condition'd alwaies, you returne
Statute, and *Band* home, with my sweet, soft *Waxe*,
And my good Nurse, here, *Mortgage*. P. IV. O! what else?

P. SE. By *Broker*. P. IV. Do not feare. P. SE. She shall go wi'
Whither you please, Sir, any where. P. CA. I see (you,
A *Money-Bawd*, is lightly a *Flesh-Bawd*, too.

PIC. Are you aduis'd? Now o'my faith, this *Canter*
Would make a good graue *Bargesse* in some Barne. (Sir.

P. IV. Come, thou shalt go with vs, vncle. P. CA. By no means,

P. IV. We'll haue both Sack, and Fidlers. P. SE. I'll not draw
That charge vpon your worship. P. CA. He speakes modestly,
And like an Vncle, P. SE. But *Mas Broker*, here,
He shall attend you, Nephew; her *Graces* *Vsher*,
And what you fancy to bestow on him,
Be not too lauish, vse a temperate bounty,
I'll take it to my selfe. P. IV. I will be princely,
While I possesse my *Princesse*, my *Pecunia*. (lodging.

P. SE. Where is't you eat? P. IV. Hard by, at *Picklocks*
Old *Lickfinger's* the Cooke, here in *Ram-Alley*.

P. SE. He has good cheare; perhaps I'll come and see you.

P. CAN. O, fie! an Alley, and a Cooks-shop, grosse,
'T will fauour, Sir, most rankly of 'hem both.

Let your meat rather follow you, to a tauerne.

PIC. A tauern's as vnfit too, for a *Princesse*.

P. CA. No, I haue knowne a *Princesse*, and a great one;
Come forth of a tauerne. PIC. Not goe in, Sir, though.

P. CA. She must goe in, if she came forth: the blessed
Pokahontas (as the *Historian* calls her

And great Kings daughters of *Virginia*)

Hath bin in womb of a tauerne; and besides,

Your nasty Vncle will spoyle all your mirth,

And be as noysome. PIC. That's true. P. CA. No 'faith,
Dine in *Apollo* with *Pecunia*,

At braue *Duke Wadloos*, haue your friends about you,

And make a day on't. P. IV. Content 'i'faith:

Old Peny-
boy thanks
her, but
makes his
condition.

The Canter
takes him a-
side, and per-
swades him,

Our meat shall be brought thither. *Simon* the King;
Will bid vs welcome. *Pic.* Patron, I haue a suite.

P. Iv. What's that? *Pic.* That you will carry the *Infanta*,
To see the *Staple*, her *Grace* will be a grace,
To all the-members of it. *P. Iv.* I will doe it:
And haue her *Armes* set vp there, with her *Titles*,
Aurelia Clara Pecunia, the *Infanta*.

And in *Apollo*. Come (sweete *Princesse*) goe.

P. Se. *Broker*, be careful of your charge. *Bro.* I warrant you.

The second Intermeane after the second Act.

CENSURE. *Why, this is duller and duller! intolerable! scurvy! neither
Diuel nor Foole in't his Play! pray God, some on vs be not a witch,
Gossip, to fore-speak the matter thus.*

MIRTH. *I feare we are all such, and we were old enough: But we are
not all old enough to make one witch. How like you the Vice i'the Play.*

EXPECTATION. *Which is he?*

MIR. *Three or foure: old Couetousnesse, the sordid Penny-boy, the
Money-bawd, who is a flesh-bawd too, they say.*

TATLE. *But here is neuer a Fiend to carry him away. Besides, he
has neuer a wooden dagger! I'd not giue a rush for a Vice, that has not a
wooden dagger to snap at every body he meetes.*

MIRTH. *That was the old way, Gossip, when Iniquity came in like
Hokos Pokos, in a tuglers ierkin, with false skirts. like the Knaue of
Clubs! but now they are attir'd like men and women o' the time, the
Vices, male and female! Prodigality like a young heyre, and his Mi-
stresse Money (whose fauours he scatters like counters) prank't up like a
prime Lady, the Infanta of the Mines.*

CEN. *I, therein they abuse an honorable Princesse, it is thought.*

MIRTH. *By whom is it so thought? or where lies the abuse?*

CEN. *Plaine in the stiling her Infanta, and giuing her three names.*

MIRTH. *Take heed, it lie not in the vice of your interpretation: what
haue Aurelia, Clara, Pecunia to do with any person? do they any more,
but expresse the property of Money, which is the daughter of earth, and
drawne out of the Mines? Is there nothing to be call'd Infanta, but what is
subiect to exception? Why not the Infanta of the Beggars? or Infanta o' the
Gipsies? as well as King of Beggars, and King of Gipsies?*

CEN. *Well, and there were no wiser then I, I would sow him in a sack,
and send him by sea, so his Princesse.*

MIRT. *Faith, and hee heard you Censure, he would goe neere to sticke
the Asses eares to your high dressing, and perhaps to all ours for harkening
to you.*

TATLE. By'r Lady but he should not to mine, I would harken, and harken, and censure, if I saw cause, for th' other Princeesse sake Pokahontas, surnam'd the blessed, whom hee has abus'd indeed (and I doe censure him, and will censure him) to say she came forth of a Tauerne, was said like a paltry Poet.

MIRTH. That's but one Gossips opinion, and my Gossip Tatle's too! but what saies Expectation, here, she sits sullen and silent.

EXP. Troth I expect their Office, their great Office! the Staple, what it will be! they haue talk't on't, but wee see't not open yet; would Butter would come in, and spread it selfe a little to vs.

MIRTH. Or the butter-box, Buz, the Emiffary.

TATLE. When it is churn'd, and dish't, we shall heare of it.

EXP. If it be fresh and sweet butter; but say it be lower and wheyish.

MIR. Then it is worth nothing, meere pot-butter, fit to be spent in suppositories, or greasing coach-wheeles, stale stinking butter, and such I feare it is, by the being barrell'd up so long.

EXPECTATION. Or ranke Irish butter.

CEN. Haue patience Gossips, say that contrary to our expectations it proue right, seasonable, salt butter.

MIR. Or to the time of yeer, in Lent, delicate Almond butter! I haue a sweet tooth yet, and I will hope the best; and sit downe as quiet, and calme as butter; looke as smooth, and soft as butter; be merry, and melt like butter; laugh and be fat like butter: so butter a swer my expectation, and be not mad butter; If it be: It shall both Iuly and December see. I say no more, But---- Dixi.

TO THE READERS.

IN this following *Act*, the Office is open'd, and shew'n to the *Prodigall*, and his *Princeesse Pecunia*; wherein the *allegory*, and purpose of the *Author* hath hitherto beene wholly mistaken, and so sinister an interpretation beene made, as if the soules of most of the *Spectators* had liu'd in the eyes and eares of these ridiculous Gossips that tattle betweene the *Acts*. But hee prayses you thus to mend it. To consider the *Newes* here vented, to be none of his *Newes*, or any reasonable mans; but *Newes* made like the times *Newes*, (a weekly cheat to draw mony) and could not be fitter reprehended, then in raising this ridiculous Office of the *Staple*, wherein the age may see her owne folly, or hunger and thirst after publish'd pamphlets of *Newes*, set out euery Saturday, but made all at home, & no syllable of truth in them: then which there cannot be a greater disease in nature, or a fouler scorne put vpon the times. And so apprehending it, you shall doe the *Author*, and your owne iudgement a courtesie, and perceiue the trick of alluring money to the Office, and there cooz'ning the people. If you haue the truth, rest quiet, and consider that

Ficta, voluptatis causa, sint proxima veris.



ACT. III. SCENE. I.

FITTON. CYMBAL, *to them* PICKLOCKE.
REGISTER. CLERKE. THO: BARBER.



Ou hunt vpon a wrong scent still, and thinke
The ayre of things will carry 'hem, but it must
Be reason and proportion, not fine sounds,
My cousin *Cymball*, must get you this *Lady*.
You haue entertain'd a petty-fogger here,
Picklocke, with trust of an *Emissaries* place,

And he is, all, for the young *Prodigall*,
You see he has left vs. CYM. Come, you doe not know him,
That speake thus of him. He will haue a tricke,
To open vs a gap, by a trap-doore,
When they least dreame on't. Here he comes. What newes?

PICK. Where is my brother *Buz*? my brother *Ambler*?
The *Register*, *Examiner*, and the *Clerkes*?
Appeare, and let vs muster all in pompe,
For here will be the rich *Infanta*, presently,
To make her visit. *Peny-boy* the heyre,
My Patron, has got leaue for her to play
With all her traine, of the old churle, her Guardian.
Now is your time to make all court vnto her,
That she may first but know, then loue the place,
And shew it by her frequent visits here:
And afterwards, get her to sojourne with you.
She will be weary of the *Prodigall*, quickly.

CYM. Excellent newes! FIT. And counsell of an *Oracle*!

CYM. How say you cousin *Fitton*? FIT. brother *Picklocke*,
I shall adore thee, for this parcell of tidings,
It will cry vp the credit of our *Office*,
Eternally, and make our *Staple* immortall!

PICK. Looke your addresses, then, be faire and fit,

And entertaine her, and her creatures, too,
 With all the *migniardise*, and quaint *Caresse*s,
 You can put on 'hem. FIT. Thou seem'st, by thy language,
 No lesse a *Courtier*, then a *man O' Law*.
 I must embrace thee. PIC. Tut, I am *Vertumnus*,
 On euery change, or chance, vpon occasion,
 A true *Chameleon*, I can colour for't.
 I moue vpon my axell, like a turne-pike.
 Fit my face to the parties, and become
 Streight, one of them. CYM. Sirs, vp, into your Desks,
 And spread the rolls vpon the Table, so.
 Is the *Examiner* set? REG. Yes, Sir. CYM. *Ambler*, and *Buz*,
 Are both abroad, now. PIC. Wee'll sustaine their parts.
 Nomatter, let them ply the affayres without,
 Let vs alone within, I like that well.
 On with the cloake, and you with the *Staple* gowne,
 And keep your state, stoupe only to the *Infanta*;
 We'll haue a flight at *Mortgage*, *Statute*, *Band*,
 And hard, but we'll bring *Wax* vnto the retriue:
 Each know his feuerall prouince, and discharge it.
 FIT. I do admire this nimble ingine, *Picklock*. CYM. Cuz,
 What did I say? FIT. You haue rectified my errour!

Fitton puts
 on the office
 cloake, and
 Cymbal the
 gowne.

Fitton is
 brought a-
 bout.

ACT. III. SCENE. II.

PENI-BOY. IV. P. CANTER. PECVNIA. STA-
 TYTE. BAND. MORTGAGE. WAX.
 BROKER. CVSTOMERS.

B Y your leaue, Gentlemen, what newes? good, good still?
 I your new Office? *Princesse*, here's the *Staple*!
 This is the *Gouernor*, kisse him, noble *Princesse*,
 For my sake. *Thom*, how is it honest *Thom*?
 How does thy place, and thou? my Creature, *Princesse*?
 This is my Creature, giue him your hand to kisse,
 He was my Barber, now he writes *Clericus*!
 I bought this place for him, and gaue it him.

Hee tells Pe-
 cunia of
 Thom.

P. CA. He should haue spoke of that, Sir, and not you!
 Two doe not doe one Office well. P. IV. 'Tis true,
 But I am loth to lose my curtesies.

P. CA. So are all they, that doe them, to vaine ends,

And yet you do lose, when you pay you selues.

P. Iv. No more o' your sentences, *Canter*, they are stale,
We come for *newes*, remember where you are.

I pray thee let my *Princesse* heare some *newes*,
Good Master *Cymbal*. CYM. What *newes* would she heare?
Or of what kind, Sir? P. Iv. Any, any kind.

So it be *newes*, the newest that thou hast,
Some *newes* of State, for a *Princesse*. CYM. Read from *Rome*, there.

THO. They write, the *King* of *Spaine* is chosen *Pope*. P. Iv. How?

THO. And *Emperor* too, the thirtieth of *February*.

P. Iv. Is the *Emperor* dead? CYM. No, but he has resign'd,
And trailes a pike now, vnder *Tilly*. FIT. For pennance.

P. Iv. These will beget strange turnes in *Christendome*!

THO. And *Spinola* is made *Generall* of the *Iesuits*.

P. Iv. Stranger! FIT, Sir, all are alike true, and certaine.

CYM. All the pretence to the fifth *Monarchy*,

Was held but vaine, vntill the *ecclesiastique*,

And *secular* powers, were vnited, thus,

Both in one person. FIT. 'T has bin long the ayme

Of the house of *Austria*. CYM. See but *Maximilian*.

His letters to the *Baron* of *Boutterheim*,

Or *Scheiter-buysen*. FIT. No, of *Liechtenstein*,

Lord Paul, I thinke. P. Iv. I haue heard of some such thing.

Don Spinola made *Generall* of the *Iesuits*!

A Priest! CYM. O, no, he is dispenc'd with all,

And the whole *society*, who doe now appeare

The onely *Enginers* of *Christendome*.

P. Iv. They haue bin thought so long, and rightly too.

FIT. Witnesse the *Engine*, that they haue presented him,
Towinde himselfe with, vp, into the *Moone*:

And thence make all his discoueries! CYM. Read on,

THO. And *Vittellesco*, he that was last *Generall*,

Being now turn'd *Cooke* to the *society*,

Has drest his excellence, such a dish of egges----

P. Iv. What potch'd? THO. No, powder'd.

CYM. All the yolke is wilde fire,

As he shall need beleaguer no more townes,

But throw his *Egge* in. FIT. It shall cleare consume,

Palace, and place; demolish and beare downe,

All strengths before it! CYM. Neuer be extinguish'd!

Till all become one ruine! FI. And from *Florence*,

THO. They write was found in *Galileos* study,

A burning *Glasse* (which they haue sent him too)

To fire any *Fleet* that's out at *Sea*----

CYM. By *Mooneshine*, is't not so? THO. Yes, Sir, i't the water.

P. Iv. His strengths will be vnresistable, if this hold!

Ha'you no *Newes* against him, on the contrary?

Newes from Rome.

Newes of the Emperor, and Tilly.

Newes of Spinola. The fifth Monarchy, vnixing the Ecclesiasticke and Secular power.

A plot of the house of Austria.

More of Spinola.

His Egges.

Galilzo's study.

The burning glasse, by Mooneshine.

The *Hollan-
ders Ecle.*

Peny-boy
will haue
him change
sides:

though hee
pay for it.

Spinola's
new proiect:
an army in
cork-shooes.

Extraction
of farts

The perpetu-
all Motion.

CL.A. Yes, Sit, they write here, one *Cornelius-Son*,
Hath made the *Hollanders* an inuisible *Eele*,
To swimme the haue at *Dunkirke*, and sinke all
The shipping there. P. Iv. Why ha' not you this, *Thom*?

CYM. Because he keeps the *Pontificall* side.

P. Iv. How, change sides, *Thom*. 'Twas neuer in my thought
To put thee vp against our selues. Come downe,
Quickly. CYM. Why, Sir? P. Iv. I ventur'd not my money
Vpon those termes: If he may change; why so.
I'll ha him keepe his owne side, sure. FIT, Why, let him,
'Tis but writing so much ouer againe.

P. Iv. For that I'll beare the charge: There's two Picces, (Sir.

FIT. Come, do not stick with the gentleman. CYM. I'll take none
And yet he shall ha' the place. P. Iv. They shall be ten, then,
Vp, *Thom*: and th' Office shall take 'hem. Keep your side, *Thom*.
Know your owne side, doe not forsake your side, *Thom*.

CYM. Read. THO. They write here one *Cornelius-Son*,
Hath made the *Hollanders* an inuisible *Eele*,
To swimme the Hauen at *Dunkirke*, and sinke all you Sit.
The shipping there. P. Iv. But how is't done? CYM. I'll shew
It is an *Automa*, runnes vnderwater,
With a snug nose, and has a nimble taile
Made like an *auger*, with which taile she wrigles
Betwixt the coasts of a Ship, and sinke it streight. (you,

P. Iv. Whence ha' you this *newes*. FIT. From a right hand I assure
The *Eele*-boats here, that lye before *Queen-Hyth*,
Came out of *Holland*. P. Iv. A most braue deuice,
To murder their flat bottomes. FIT. I doe grant you:
But what if *Spinola* haue a new *Proiect*:

To bring an army ouer in corke-shooes,
And land them, here, at *Harwich*? all his horse
Are shod with corke, and fourescore picces of ordinance,
Mounted vpon cork-carriages, with bladders,
In stead of wheelles to runne the passage ouer
At a spring-tide. P. Iv. Is't true? FIT. As true as the test.

P. Iv. He'll neuer leaue his engines: I would heare now
Some curious *newes*. CYM. As what? P. Iv. *Magick*, or *Alchimy*
Or flying i'the ayre, I care not what.

CL.A. They write from *Librixig* (reuerence to your eares)
The Art of drawing farts out of dead bodies,
Is by the *Brotherhood* of the *Rosic Crosse*,
Produc'd vnto perfection, in so sweet
And rich a *tincture*---FIT. As there is no *Princesse*,
But may perfume her chamber with th' *extraction*.

P. Iv. There's for you, *Princesse*. P. CA. What, a fart for her?

P. Iv. I meane the *spirit*. P. CA. Beware how she resents it.

P. Iv. And what hast thou, *Thom*? THO. The perpetuall Motion,

Is here found out by an Alewife in Saint *Katherines*;
At the signe o' the dancing Beares. P.IV. What, from her tap?
I'll goe see that, or else I'll send old *Canter*.

He can make that discouery. P. CA. Yes, in Ale.

P. IV. Let me haue all this *Newes*, made vp, and seal'd.

REG. The people presse vpon vs, please you, Sir,
Withdraw with your faire *Princesse*. There's a roomie
Within, Sir, to rectyre too! P. IV. No, good *Register*;

We'll stand it out here, and obserue your *Office*;
What *Newes* it issues. REG. 'Tis the house of *fame*, Sir,
Where both the curious, and the negligent;
The scrupulous, and carelesse; wilde, and stay'd;
The idle, and laborious; all doe meet,

To tast the *Cornucopia* of her rumors,
Which she, the mother of sport, pleaseth to scatter
Among the vulgar: Baites, Sir, for the people!

And they will bite like fishes. P. IV. Let's see't.

DOP. Ha' you in your prophane Shop, any *Newes*
O' the *Saints* at *Amsterdam*? REG. Yes, how much would you?

DOP. Six peny worth. REG. Lay your mony down, read, *Thomas*.

THO. The *Saints* do write, they expect a Prophet, shortly,
The Prophet *Baal*, to be sent *ouer* to them;
To calculate a *time*, and halfe a *time*,
And the whole *time*, according to *Naömetry*.

P. IV. What's that? THO. The measuring o' the *Temple*: a *Cabal*
Found out but lately, and set out by *Archie*;

Or some such head, of whose long coat they haue heard,
And being black, desire it. DOP. Peace be with them!

REG. So there had need, for they are still by the eares
One with another. DOP. It is their zeale. REG. Most likely.

DOP. Haue you no other of that *species*? REG. Yes,
But dearer, it will cost you a shilling. DOP. Verily,
There is a nine-pence, I will shed no more.

REG. Not, to the good o' the *Saints*? DOP. I am not sure,
That, man is good. REG. Read, from *Constantinople*,
Nine penny'orth. THO. They giue out here, the *grand Signior*
Is certainly turn'd *Christian*, and to cleare
The controuersie twixt the *Pope* and him,
Which is the *Antichrist*; he meanes to visit
The *Church* at *Amsterdam*, this very Sommer,
And quit all marks o' the beast. DOP. Now ioyfull tydings.

Who brought in this? Which *Emissary*? REG. *Buz*,
Your countrey-man. DOP. Now, blessed be the man,
And his whole *Family*, with the *Nation*.

REG. Yes, for *Amboyna*, and the Iustice there!
This is a *Doper*, a she *Anabaptist*!
Seale and deliuer her her *newes*, dispatch.

The *Regi-
ster* offers
him a roomie.

The *Office*
call'd the
house of
fame.

1. *Cup*.
A she
baptist.

Prophet *Ba-
al* expected
in *Holland*.

Archie
mour'd
then.

The great
Turk turn'd
Christian.

2. *Cust.*

A Colony
of Cookes
sent over to
convert the
Canniballs.

3. *Cust.*

By Colonell
Lickfinger.

C. 2. Ha' you any *newes* from the *Indies*? any mirac I
Done in *Japan*, by the *Iesuites*? or in *China*?

CLA. No, but we heare of a *Colony* of cookes
To be set a shore o' the coast of *America*,
For the conuersion of the *Caniballs*,
And making them good, eating *Christians*.
Here comes the *Colonell* that vndertakes it.

C. 2. Who? capitaine *Lickfinger*? LIC. *Newes, newes* my boyes!
I am to furnish a great scaft to day,
And I would haue what *newes* the *Office* affords.

CLA. We were venting some of you, of your *new proiect*,

REG. Afore 'twas paid for, you were somewhat too hasty.

P. IV. What *Lickfinger*! wilt thou conuert the *Caniballs*,
With spit and pan Diuinity? LIC. Sir, for that
I will not vrge, but for the fire and zeale

To the true cause; thus I haue vndertaken:

With two Lay-brethren, to my selfe, no more,

One o' the broach, th' other o' the boyler,

In one sixe months; and by plaine cookery,

No magick to't, but old *Iaphet's* physicke,

The father of the *European Arts*,

To make such sauces for the Sauages,

And cookes their meats, with those inticing steemes,

As it would make our *Caniball-Christians*,

Forbeare the mutuall eating one another,

Which they doe doe, more cunningly, then the wilde

Anthropophagi; that snatch onely strangers,

Like my old Patrons dogs, there. P. IV. O, my Vncles!

Is dinner ready, *Lickfinger*? LIC. When you please, Sir.

I was bespeaking but a parcell of *newes*,

To strew out the long meale withall, but 't seemes

You are furnish'd here already. P. IV. O, not halfe!

LIC. What *Court-newes* is there? any *Proclamations*,

Or *Edicts* to come forth. THO. Yes, there is one.

That the *King's Barber* has got, for aid of our trade:

Whereof there is a manifest decay.

A *Precept* for the wearing of long haire,

To runne to feed, to sow bald pates withall,

And the preserving fruitfull heads, and chins,

To help a mistery, almost antiquated.

Such as are bald and barren beyond hope,

Are to be separated, and set by

For *Vishers*, to old *Counsellors*. LIC. And *Coachmen*.

To mount their boxes, reuerently, and driue,

Like *Lapwings*, with a shell vpo' their heads.

Thorow the streets. Ha' you no *Newes* o' the *Stage*?

They'll aske me about *new Playes*, at dinner time.

To let long
haires runne
to seed, so few
bald pates.

And I should be as dumbe as a fish. THO. O! yes.
There is a *Legacy* left to the *Kings Players*,
Both for their various shifting of their *Scene*,
And dext'rous change o'their persons to all shapes,
And all disguises: by the right reuerend
Archbishop of Spalato. LIC. He is dead,
That pla'd him! THO. Then, h'has lost his share o' the *Legacy*.

Spalato's
Legacy to
the Players.

LIC. What newes of *Gundomar*? THO. A second *Fistula*,
Or an *excoriation* (at the least)

Gundo-
mar's use of
the game at
Chesse, or
Play so cal-
led.

For putting the poore *English-play*, was writ of him,
To such a fordid vse, as (is said) he did,
Of cleansing his *posterior's*. LIC. Iustice! Iustice!

THO. Since when, he liues condemn'd to his share, at *Bruxels*.
And there sits filing certaine politique hinges,
To hang the *States* on, h'has heau'd off the hookes. (nothing,

LIC. What must you haue for these? P. IV. Thou shalt pay
But reckon 'hem in i'the bill. There's twenty pieces,
Her *Grace* bestowes vpon the *Office*, *Thom*,
Write thou that downe for *Newes*. REG. We may well do't,
We haue not many such. P. IV. There's twenty more,
If you say so; my *Princesse* is a *Princesse*!

Her gives
20. pieces,
to the Of-
fice.
Doubles it.

And put that too, vnder the *Office Seale*.

CYM. If it will please your *Grace* to foiourne here,
And take my roose for couert, you shall know
The rites belonging to your blood, and birth,
Which few can apprehend: these fordid seruants,
Which rather are your keepers, then attendants,
Should not come neere your presence. I would haue
You waited on by *Ladies*, and your traine
Borne vp by persons of quality, and honour,
Your meat should be seru'd in with curious dances,
And set vpon the boord, with virgin hands,
Tun'd to their voices; not a dish remou'd,
But to the *Musicke*, nor a drop of wine,
Mixt, with his water, without *Harmony*,

Cymbal
takes Pecunia
aside,
courts and
wooies her, to
the Office.

PEC. You are a *Courtier*, Sir, or somewhat more;
That haue this tempting language! CYM, I'm your seruant,
Exellent *Princesse*, and would ha' you appeare
That, which you are. Come forth *State*, and wonder,
Of these our times, dazle the vulgar eyes.
And strike the people blind with admiration.

P. CAN. Why, that's the end of wealth! thrust riches outward,
And remaine beggers within: contemplate nothing
But the vile fordid things of time, place, money,
And let the noble, and the precious goe,
Vertue and honesty; hang 'hem; poore thinne membranes
Of honour; who respects them? O, the *Fates*!

Fitton hath
beene cour-
ting the mai-
ring-women,
this while,
and is scord
by them.

How hath all iust, true reputation fall'n,
Since money, this base money 'gan to haue any !

BAN. Pitty, the Gentleman is not immortall.

WAX. As he giues out, the place is, by description.

FIT. A very *Paradise*, if you saw all, *Lady*.

WAX. I am the *Chamber-maid*, Sir, you mistake,
My *Lady* may see all.

FIT. Sweet *Mistresse Statute*, gentle *Mistresse Band*,
And Mother *Mortgage*, doe but get her *Grace*

To sojourne here.—PIC. I thanke you gentle *Waxe*,

MOR. If it were a *Chattell*, I would try my credit.

PIC. So it is, for *terme of life*, we count it so.

STA. She meanes, *Inheritance* to him, and his *heyres* :
Or that he could assure a *State*, of *yeeres* :

I'll be his *Statute-Staple*, *Statute-Merchant*,

Or what he please. PIC. He can expect no more.

BAN. His cousin *Alderman Security*,
That he did talke of so, e'en now—STA. Who, is
The very broch o' the bench, gem o' the City.

BAN. He and his Deputy, but assure his life
For one *seven yeeres*. STA. And see what we'll doe for him,
Vpon his *scarlet* motion. BAN. And old *Chaine*,
That drawes the city-eares. WAX. When he sayes nothing,
But twirles it thus. STA. Amouing *Oratory* !

BAN. Dumb *Rethoricke*, and silent *eloquence* !
As the fine *Poet* saies ! FIT. Come, they all scorne vs,
Doe you not see't ? the *family* of scorne !

BRO. Doe not belieue him ! gentle Master *Picklocke*,
They vnderstood you not : the *Gentlewomen*,
They thought you would ha' my *Lady* sojourne, with you,
And you desire but now and then, a visit ?

PIC. Yes, if she pleas'd, Sir, it would much aduance
Vnto the *Office*, her continuall residence !

(I speake but as a member) BRO. 'Tis inough
I apprehend you. And it shall goe hard,
But I'll so worke, as some body shall worke her !

PIC. 'pray you change with our Master, but a word about it.

P. IV. Well, *Lickfinger*, see that our meat be ready,
Thou hast *News* inough. LIC. Something of *Bethlem Gabor*,
And then I'm gone. THO. We heare he has deuiz'd

A *Drumme*, to fill all *Christendome* with the sound :

But that he cannot drawe his forces neere it,
To march yet, for the violence of the noise.

And therefore he is faine by a designe,
To carry 'hem in the ayre, and at some distance,
Till he be married, then they shall appeare.

LIC. Or neuer ; well, God b'wi' you (stay, who's here ?)

Bethlem
Gabors
Drum.

A little of the *Duke of Bauier*, and then—

CLA. H'has taken a gray habit, and is turn'd
The Churches *Millar*, grinds the catholique grist
With euery wind: and *Tilly* takes the toll.

Cvs. 4. Ha'you any *newes* of the *Pageants* to send downe?
Into the feuerall *Counties*. All the countrey
Expected from the city most braue speeches;
Now, at the Coronation. LIC. It expected
More then it vnderstood: for, they stand mute,
Poore innocent dumb things; they are but wood.
As is the bench and blocks, they were wrought on, yet
If *May-day* come, and the *Sunne* shine, perhaps,
They'll sing like *Memnons* Statue, and be vocall.

Cvs. 5. Ha'you any *Forest-newes*? THO. None very wild, Sir,
Some tame there is, out o' the *Forrest* of fooles,
A new *Parke* is a making there, to feuer
Cuckolds of *Antler*, from the *Rascalls*. Such,
Whose wiues are dead, and haue since cast their heads,
Shall remaine *Cuckolds-pollard*. LIC. I'll ha' that *newes*.

Cvs. 1. And I. 2. And I. 3. And I. 4. And I. 5. And I.

CYM. Sir, I desire to be excus'd; and, *Madame*:

I cannot leaue my *Office*, the first day.

My Cousin *Fitton* here, shall wait vpon you.

And *Emissary Picklocke*. P. IV. And *Thom*: *Clericus*?

CYM. I cannot spare him yet, but he shall follow you,
When they haue ordered the *Rolls*. Shut vp th' *Office*,
When you ha' done, till two a clocke.

The Duke
of Bauier.

4. Cust.
The Page-
ants.

5. Cust.
The new
Parke in
the Forrest
of Fooles.

Peny-boy
would inuite
the Master
of the Office

ACT. III. SCENE. III.

SHVNFIELD. ALMANACK. MADRI- GAL. CLERKES.

BY your leaue, *Clerkes*,
Where shall we dine to day? doe you know? the Ieerers.

ALM. Where's my fellow *Fitton*? THO. New gone forth.

SHV. Cannot your *Office* tell vs, what braue fellowes
Doe eat together to day, in towne, and where?

THO. Yes, there's a Gentleman, the braue heire, yong *Peny-boy*.

Dines in *Apollo*. MAD. Come, let's thither then,

I ha' supt in *Apollo*! ALM. With the *Muses*? MAD. No,
But with two Gentlewomen, call'd, the *Graces*. (Sir.

ALM. They were euer three in *Poetry*. MAD. This was truth,

THO. Sir, Master *Fittion's* there too! SHV. All the better!

ALM. We may haue a icere, perhaps. SHV. Yes, you'll drink,
(If there be any good meat) as much good wine now, (Doctor.
As would lay vp a *Dutch Ambassador*.

THO. If he dine there, he's sure to haue good meat;
For, *Lickfinger* prouides the dinner. ALM. Who?
The glory o'the Kitchin? that holds *Cookery*,
A trade from *Adam*? quotes his *broths*, and *sallads*?
And sweares he's not dead yet, but translated
In some *immortall crust*, the *past* of *Almonds*?

MAD. The same. He holds no man can be a *Poet*,
That is not a good *Cooke*, to know the palats,
And feuerall *tastes* o'the time. He drawes all *Arts*
Out of the *Kitchin*, but the *Art* of *Poetry*,
which he concludes the same with *Cookery*.

SHV. Tut, he maintaines more *heresies* then that.
He'll draw the *Magisterium* from a minc'd-pye,
And preferre *Iellies*, to your *Iulips*, Doctor.

ALM. I was at an *Olla Podrida* of his making,
Was a braue piece of *cookery*! at a funerall!
But opening the pot-lid, he made vs laugh,
who had wept all day! and sent vs such a tickling
Into our nostrills, as the funerall feast
Had bin a wedding-dinner. SHV. Gi' him allowance,
And that but moderate, he will make a *Syren*
Sing i'the Kettle, send in an *Arion*,
In a braue broth, and of a watry greene,
Iust the Sea-colour, mounted on the backe
Of a growne *Cunger*, but, in such a posture,
As all the world would take him for a *Dolphin*.

MAD. Hee's a rare fellow, without question! but
He holds some *Paradoxes*. ALM. I, and *Pseudodoxes*.
Mary, for most, he's *Orthodox* i'the *Kitchin*.

MAD. And knowes the *Clergies* tast! ALM. I, and the *Layties*!

SHV. You thinke not o' your time, we'll come too late,
If we go not presently. MAD. Away then. SHV. Sirs,
You must get o' this *newes*, to store your *Office*,
VVho dines and sups i' the towne? where, and with whom?
'Twill be beneficiall: when you are stor'd;
And as we like our fare, we shall reward you.

CLA. A hungry trade, 'twill be. THO. Much like *D. Humphries*,
But, now and then, as th' hole some prouerb saies,
'Twill *obsonare fame in ambulando*.

CLA. Shut vp the *Office*: gentle brother *Thomas*.

THO. Brother, *Nathaniel*, I ha' the wine for you.
I hope to see vs, one day, *Emissaries*.

CLA. Why not? S'lid, I despaire not to be *Master*!

ACT. III. SCENE. IV.

PENIBOY. SE. BROKER. CYMBAL.

How now? I thinke I was borne vnder *Hercules starre*!

Nothing but trouble and tumult to oppresse me?

Why come you backe? where is your charge? BRO. I ha' brought
A Gentleman to speake with you? P. SE. To speake with me?
You know 'tis death for me to speake with any man.

What is he? set me a chaire. BRO. He's the *Master*
Of the great *Office*. P. SE. What? BRO. The *Staple of Nevves*,
A mighty thing, they talke *Six thousand* a yeere.

P. SE. Well bring your *fixe* in. Where ha' you left *Pecunia*?

BRO. Sir, in *Apollo*, they are scarce set. P. SE. Bring *fixe*.

BRO. Here is the Gentleman. P. SE. He must pardon me,
I cannot rise, a diseas'd man. CYM. By no meanes, Sir,
Respect your health, and ease. P. SE. It is no pride in me!
But paine, paine; what's your errand, Sir, to me?

Broker, returne to your charge, be *Argus-eyed*,
Awake, to the affaire you haue in hand,
Serue in *Apollo*, but take heed of *Bacchus*.

Goe on, Sir. CYM. I am come to speake with you.

P. SE. 'Tis paine for me to speake, a very death,
But I will heare you! CYM. Sir, you haue a *Lady*,
That sojournes with you. P. SE. Ha? I am somewhat short
In my sense too—CYM. *Pecunia*. P. SE. O' that side,
Very imperfect, on—CYM. Whom I would draw
Oftrner to a poore *Office*, I am *Master* of—

P. SE. My hearing is very dead, you must speake quicker.

CYM. Or, if it please you, Sir, to let her sojourn

In part with me; I haue a *mayety*

We will diuide, halfe of the profits. P. SE. Ha?

I heare you better now, how come they in?

Is it a certaine *businesse*, or a casuall?

For I am loth to seeke out doubtfull courses,

Runne any hazardous paths, I loue streight waies,

A iust, and vpright man! now all trade totters.

The trade of money, is fall'n, two i'the *hundred*.

That was a certaine trade, while th' age was thrifty,

And men good husbands, look'd vnto their stockes,

Had their mindes bounded; now the publike Riot

Prostitutes all, scatters away in coaches,

In foot-mens coates, and waiting womens gownes,

They must haue veluet hanches (with a pox)

He is thwarted
with Bro-
ker's com-
ming back.

Hee sends
Broker
backe

He pretends
infirmity.

See talke
vehemently
and aloud.

Is mon'd
more and
more.

Now taken vp, and yet not pay the vse;
Bate of the vse? I am mad with this times manners.

CYM. You said e'en now, it was death for you to speake.

P. SE. I; but an anger, a iust anger, (as this is)
Puts life in man. Who can endure to see
The fury of mens gullets, and their groines?
What fires, what cookes, what kitckins might be spar'd?
What Stewes, Ponds, Parks, Coupes, Garners, Magazines?
What veluets, tissues, scarfes, embroyderies?
And laces they might lacke? They couet things—
Superfluous still; when it were much more honour
They could want necessary! What need hath Nature
Of siluer dishes? or gold chamber-pots?

Of perfum'd napkins? or a numerous family,
To see her eate? Poore, and wise she, requires
Meate onely; Hunger is not ambitious:
Say, that you were the *Emperour* of pleasures;
The great *Dictator* of fashions, for all *Europe*,
And had the pompe of all the *Courts*, and *Kingdomes*,
Laid forth vnto the shew? to make your selfe
Gaz'd, and admir'd at? You must goe to bed,
And take your naturall rest: then, all this vanisheth.
Your brauery was but showen; 'twas not posselt:
While it did boast it selfe; it was then perishing.

CYM. This man has healthfull lungs. P. SE. All that ex-
Appear'd as little yours, as the *Spectators*. (cesse
It scarce fills vp the expectation

Of a few houres, that entertaines mens liues.

CYM. He has the *monopoly* of sole-speaking.

Why, good Sir? you talke all. P. SE. Why should I not?
Is it not vnder mine owne roofe? my feeling? (not

CYM. But I came hete to talk with you. P. S. Why, an'I will
Talke with you, Sir? you are answer'd, who sent for you?

CYM. Nobody sent for me—P. SE. But you came, why then
Goe, as you came, heres no man holds you, There,
There lies your way, you see the doore. CYM. This's strange!

P. Se. 'Tis my ciuility, when I doe not rellish
The party, or his businesse. Pray you be gone, Sir.
I'll ha' no venter in your *Ship*, the *Office*

Your *Barke* of *Six*, if 'twere *sixteene*, good, Sir,

CYM. You are a rogue. P. SE. I thinke I am Sir, truly.

CYM. A Rascall, and a *money-bawd*. P. SE. My surnames:

CYM. A wretched Rascall! P. S. You will ouerflow—
And spill all. CYM. Caterpillar, moath,

Horfe-leach, and dung-worme—P. SE. Still you lose your labor.
I am a broken vessell, all runnes out:

A shrunke old *Dryfat*. Fare you well, good *Sixe*.

Cymbal
railes at
him.
Hee cures
him.

He is angry.

Bids him
get out of
his house.

The third Intermeane after the third *Ad.*

CENSURE. *A notable tough Rascall! this old Peny-boy! right City-bred!*

MIRTH. *In Siluer-streete, the Region of money, a good seat for a Vsurer.*

TATLE. *He has rich ingredients in him, I warrant you, if they were extracted, a true receipt to make an Alderman, an' he were well wrought upon, according to Art.*

EXP. *I would faine see an Alderman in chimia! that is a treatise of Aldermanity truly written.*

CEN. *To shew how much it differs from Vrbanity.*

MIRTH. *I, or humanity. Either would appeare in this Peny-boy, an' hee were rightly distill'd. But how like you the newes? you are gone from that.*

CEN. *O, they are monstrous! scurvy! and stale! and-too exotick! ill cook'd! and ill dish'd!*

EXP. *They were as good, yet, as butter could make them!*

TAT. *In a word, they were beastly buttered! he shall neuer come o' my bread more, nor in my mouth, if I can helpe it. I haue had better newes from the bake-house, by ten thousand parts, in a morning: or the conduits in Westminster! all the newes of Tuttle-street, and both the Alm'ries! the two Sanctuaries long, and round Wool-staple! with Kings-street, and Chanon-row to boot!*

MIRTH. *I, my Gossip Tatle knew what fine slips grew in Gardiners-lane; who kist the Butchers wife with the Cowes-breath; what matches were made in the bowling-Alley, and what bettes wonne and lost; how much griefe went to the Mill and what besides: who coniur'd in Tuttle-fields, and how many? when they neuer came there. And which Boy rode upon Doctor Lambe, in the likenesse of a roaring Lyon, that runne away with him in his teeth, and ha's not deuour'd him yet.*

TAT. *Why, I had it from my maid Ioane Heare-say: and shee had it from a limbe o'the schoole, shee saies, a little limbe of nine yeere old; who told her, the Master left out his coniuring booke one day, and hee found it, and so the Fable came about. But whether it were true, or no, we Gossips are bound to beleue it, an't be once out, and a foot: how should we entertaine the time else, or finde our selues in fashionable discourse, for all companies, if we do not credit all, and make more of it, in the reporting?*

CEN. *For my part, I beleue it: and there were no wiser then I, I would haue'er a cunning Schoole-Master in England. I meane a Cunning-Man, a Schoole-Master; that is a Coniurour, or a Poet, or that had any acquaintance with a Poet. They make all their schollers Play-boyes! Is't not a fine sight, to see all our children made Enterluders? Doe wee pay our money for this? wee send them to learne their*

Grammar, and their Terence, and they learne their play-books? well, they talke, we shall haue no more Parliaments (God blesse vs) but an' wee haue, I hope, Zeale-of-the-land Buzy, and my Gossip, Rabby Trouble-truth will start vp, and see we shall haue painfull good Ministers to keepe Schoole, and Catechise our youth, and not teach 'hem to speake Playes, and All Fables of falsenewes, in this manner, to the super-nexation of Towne and Countrey, with a warrion.



ACT. III. SCENE. I.

PENY-BOY. IV. FITTON. SHVNFIELD.
ALMANACK. MADRIGAL. CAN-
TER. PICKLOCKE.



Ome, Gentlemen, let's breath from *beats* a while.
This *Lickfinger* has made vs a good dinner,
For our *Pecunia*: what shal's doe with our selues,
While the women water? and the *Fidlers* eat?

FIT. Let's ieere a little. P.IV. Ieere? what's that? SHV. EX-
ALM. We first begin with our selues, & then at you, (peet, S'.
SHV. A game we vse. MAD. We ieere all kind of persons
We meete withall, of any rancke or quality,
And if we cannot ieere them, we ieere our selues.

P. CA. A pretty sweete society! and a gratefull!

PIC. 'Pray let's see some. SHV. Haue at you, then *Lawyer*.
They say, there was one of your coate in *Be'tlem*, lately;

ALM. I wonder all his *Clients* were not there.

MAD. They were the madder fort. PIC. Except, Sir, one
Like you, and he made verses. FIT. *Madrigall*,
A ieere. MAD. I know. SHV. But what did you doe, *Lawyer*?
When you made loue to Mistresse *Band*, at dinner.

MAD. Why? of an Aduocate, he grew the *Client*. (nature

P. IV. Well play'd, my *Poet*. MAD. And shew'd the *Law* of
Was there aboute the *Common-Law*. SHV. Quit, quit,

P. IV.

P. Iv. Call you this ieering? I can play at this,
'Tis like a *Ball at Tennis*. FIT. Very like,

But we were not well in. ALM. 'Tis indeed, Sir.

When we doe speake at volley, all the ill

We can one of another. SHV. As this morning,
(I would you had heard vs) of the Rogue your *Vnle*.

ALM. That *Mony-band*. MAD. We call'd him a *Coat-card*
O'the last order. P. Iv. What's that? a *Knaue*?

MAD. Some readings haue it so, *my manuscript*
Doth speake it, *arlet*. P. CA. And your selfe a *Feole*.
O'the first ranke, and one shall haue the leading
O'the right-hand file, vnder this braue Commander.

P. Iv. What faist thou, *Canter*? P. CA. Sir, I say this is
A very wholesome exercise, and comely.

Like Lepers, shewing one another their scabs.

Or flies feeding on vlcers. P. Iv. What *News* Gentlemen?

Ha' you any newes for after dinner? me thinks

We should not spend our time vnprofitably.

P. CA. They neuer lie, Sir, betweene meales, 'gainst supper

You may haue a *Bale* or two brought in. FIT. This *Canter*,

Is an old enuious Knaue! ALM. A very Rascall!

FIT. I ha' mark'd him at this meale, he has done nothing
But mocke, with scuruy faces, all wee said,

ALM. A supercilious Rogue! he lookes as if
He were the *Patrico*—MAD. Or *Arch-priest* o' *Canter*s,

SHV. Hee's some *primate metropolitan* Rascall,
Our shot-clog makes so much of him. ALM. The *Law*,

And he does gouerne him. P. Iv. What say you, Gentlemen?

FIT. We say, we wonder not, your man o' *Law*,

Should be so gracious wi' you; but how it comes,

This Rogue, this *Canter*! P. Iv. O, good words. FIT. A fellow

That speakes no language—ALM. But what gingling *Gipsies*,

And *Pedlers* trade in—FIT. And no honest *Christian*

Can vnderstand—P. CA. Why? by that argument,

You all are *Canter*s, you, and you, and you,

All the whole world are *Canter*s, I will proue it

In your *professions*. P. Iv. I would faine heare this,

But stay, my *Princesse* comes, prouide the while,

I'll call for't anone. How fares your *Grace*?

He speaks
to all the
Iecrers.

ACT. III. SCENE. II.

LICKFINGER. PECVNIA. STATVTE.
BAND. VVAXE. §to them.

Lickfinger
is challeng'd
by Madrigal
of an argu-
ment.

I hope the fare was good. *PEC.* Yes, *Lickfinger*,
And we shall thanke you for't and reward you.

MAD. Nay, I'll not lose my argument, *Lickfinger*;
Before these Gentlemen, I affirme,
The perfect, and true straine of poetry,
Is rather to be giuen the quicke *Celler*,
Then the fat *Kitchin*. *LIC.* *Heretique*, I see
Thou art for the vaine *Oracle* of the *Boile*.
The hogshhead, *Trismegistus*, is thy *Pegasus*.
Thence flowes thy *Muses* spring, from that hard hoofe:
Seduced *Poet*, I doe say to thee,

A *Boiler*, *Range*, and *Dresser* were the *Fountaines*,
Of all the knowledge in the *vniverse*.
And they're the *Kitchens*, where the *Master-Cooke*—
(Thou dost not know the man, nor canst thou know him;
Till thou hast seru'd some yeeres in that deepe schoole,
That's both the *Nurse* and *Mother* of the *Arts*,
And hear'st him read, interpret, and demonstrate!)
A *Master-Cooke*! Why, he's the *man o' men*,
For a *Professor*! he designs, he drawes,
He paints, he carues, he builds, he fortifies,
Makes *Citadels* of curious fowle and fish,
Some he *dri-dishes*, some *motes* round with *broths*.
Mounts *marrowbones*, cuts *fifty angled custards*,
Reares *bulwark pies*, and for his *outerworkes*
He raiseth *Ramparts* of immortall *crust*;
And teacheth all the *Tacticks*, at one dinner:
What *Rankes*, what *Files*, to put his dishes in;
The whole *Art Military*. Then he knowes,
The influence of the *Starres* vpon his meats,
And all their seasons, tempers, qualities,
And so to fit his relishes, and sauces,
He has *Nature* in a pot, 'boue all the *Chymists*,
Or airy brethren of the *Rosie-crosse*.
He is an *Architect*, an *Inginer*,
A *Souldiour*, a *Physician*, a *Philosopher*,
A generall *Mathematician*. *MAD.* It is granted.

LIC. And that you may not doubt him, for a Poet—

ALM. This *fury* shewes, if there were nothing else!
And 'tis diuine! I shall for euer hereafter,
Admire the wisdome of a *Cooke*! BAN. And we, Sir!

P. IV. O, how my *Princesse* drawes me, with her lookes,
And hailes me in, as eddies draw in boats,
Or strong *Charybdis* ships, that faile too neere
The shelues of *Loue*! The tydes of your two eyes!
Wind of your breath, are such as sucke in all,
That doe approach you! PEC. VWho hath chang'd my seruant?

P. IV. Your selfe, who drinke my blood vp with your beames;
As doth the *Sunne*, the *Sea*! *Pecunia* shines
More in the world then he: and makes it *Spring*
Where e'r she fauours! 'please her but to show
Her melting wrests, or bare her yuorie hands,
She catches still! her smiles they are *Loue's* fetters!
Her breasts his apples! her teats *Stawberries*!
Where *Cupid* (were he present now) would cry
Fare well my mothers milke, here's sweeter *Nectar*!
Helpe me to praise *Pecunia*, Gentlemen:

She's your *Princesse*, lend your wits, FIT. A Lady,
The *Graces* taught to moue! ALM. The *Houres* did nurse!

FIT. Whose lips are the instructions of all *Louers*!

ALM. Her eyes their lights, and riuals to the *Starres*!

FIT. A voyce, as if that *Harmony* still spake!

ALM. And polish'd skinne, whiter then *Venus* foote!

FIT. Young *Hebes* necke, or *Iunoe's* armes! ALM. A haire,
Large as the *Mornings*, and her breath as sweete,
As meddowes after raine, and but new mowne!

FIT. *Leda* might yeeld vnto her, for a face!

ALM. *Hermione* for breasts! FIT. *Flora*, for cheekes!

ALM. And *Helen* for a mouth! P. IV. Kisse, kisse 'hem, *Princesse*.

FIT. The pearle doth striue in whiteneffe, with her necke;

ALM. But loseth by it: here the *Snow* thawes *Snow*,
One frost resolues another! FIT. O, she has
A front too slippery to be look't vpon!

ALM. And glances that beguile the seers eyes!

P. IV. Kisse, kisse againe, what saies my *man o' warre*?

SHV. I say, she's more, then *Fame* can promise of her.

A *Thyame*, that's overcome with her owne matter!

Praise is stricke blind, and deafe, and dumbe with her!
Shee doth astonish *Commendation*!

P. IV. Well pump't i' faith old *Sailor*: kisse him too:
Though he be a flugge. What saies my *Poet-sucker*!
He's chewing his *Muses* cudde, I doe see by him.

MAD. I haue almost done, I want but e'ne to finish.

FIT. That's the ill luck of all his workes still. P. IV. What?

FIT.

Peny-boy
is courting
his Prin-
cesse all
the while.

They all be-
ginne the
encomium of
Pecunia.

She kisseth
them.

Againe.

She kisseth
Captaine
Shunfield.

FIT. To beginne many works, but finish none;
 P. IV. How does he do his Mistresse work? FIT. Imperfect.
 ALM. I cannot thinke he finisheth that. P. IV. Let's heare.
 MAD. It is a *Madrigall*, I affect that kind
 Of *Poems*, much. P. IV. And thence you ha' the name.
 FIT. It is his *Rose*. He can make nothing else
 MAD. I made it to the tune the *Fidlers* play'd,
 That we all lik'd so well. P. IV. Good, read it, read it.
 MAD. The *Sunne* is father of all mettalls, you know,
 Siluer, and gold. P. IV. I, leaue your *Prologues*, say!

SONG.

MADRIGAL. As bright as is the Sunne her Sire,
 Or Earth her mother, in her best atyre,
 Or Mint, the Mid-wife, with her fire,
 Comes forth her Grace! } P. IV. That Mint the
 The splendour of the wealthieft Mines! } Midwife does well.
 The stamp, and strength of all imperiall lines,
 Both maiesty and beauty shimes, } FIT. That's fairely
 In her sweet face! } said of Money.

Looke how a Torch, of Taper lights,
 Or of that Torches flame, a Beacon bright; [P. IV. Good!

MAD. Now there, I want a line to finish, Sir.

P. IV. Or of that Beacons fire, Moone-light:

MAD. So takes she place! [[FIT. 'Tis good.

And then I haue a *Saraband*—

She makes good cheare, she keepes full boards,

She holds a Faire of Knights, and Lords,

A Mercat of all Offices,

And Shops of honour, more or lesse.

According to Pecunia's Grace,

The Bride hath beauty, blood, and place,

The Bridegrome vertue, valour, wit,

And wisdom, as he stands for it.

PIC. Call in the *Fialers*. Nicke, the boy shall sing it,
 Sweet Princess, kisse him, kisse 'hem all, deare *Madame*,
 And at the close, vouchsafe to call them *Cousins*.

PEC. Sweet Cousin *Madrigall*, and Cousin *Pisson*,
 My Cousin *Shunfield*, and my learned Cousin.

P. CA. *Al-manach*, though they call him *Almanack*.

P. IV. Why, here's the *Prodigall* prostitutes his *Mistresse*!

P. IV. And *Pickloske*, he must be a kinsman too.

My *maner* Law will teach vs all to winne,
 And keepe our owne. Old *Founder*. P. CA. Nothing, I Sir?
 I am a wretch, a begger. She the fortunate.

He urges
her to kisse
them all.

Can want no kindred, wee, the *poore* know none.

FIT. Nor none shall know, by my consent. ALM. Normine,

P.IV. Sing, boy, stand here. P.CA. Look, look, how all their
Dance i' their heads (obserue) scatter'd with lust!

*The boy
sings the
song.*

At fight o' their braue *idoll*! how they are tickl'd,

With a light ayre! the bawdy *Saraband*!

They are a kinde of dancing engines all!

And set, by nature, thus, to runne alone

To euery sound! All things within, without them,

Moue, but their braine, and that stands still! mere monsters

Here, in a chamber, of most subtrill feet!

And make their legs in tune, passing the streetes!

These are the gallant spirits o' the age!

The miracles o' the time! that can cry vp

And downe mens wits! and set what rate on things

Their half-brain'd fancies please! Now pox vpon 'hem.

See how solicitously he leernes the ligge,

As if it were a mystery of his faith!

SHV. A dainty ditty! FIT. O, hee's a dainty *Poet*!

When he sets to't! P.IV. And a dainty *Scholler*!

ALM. No, no great *scholler*, he writes like a *Gentleman*.

SHV. Pox o' your *Scholler*. P.CA. Pox o' your distinction!

*They are all
struck with
admiration.*

As if a *Scholler* were no *Gentleman*.

With these, to write like a *Gentleman*, will in time

Become, all one, as to write like an *Ass*,

These *Gentlemen*? these *Rascalls*! I am sicke

Of indignation at 'hem. P.IV. How doe you lik't, Sir?

FIT. 'Tis excellent! ALM. 'Twas excellently sung!

FIT. A dainty *Ayre*! P.IV. What saies my *Lickfinger*?

LIC. I am telling *Mistresse Band*, and *Mistresse Statute*,

What a braue *Gentleman* you are, and *Waxe*, here!

How much 'twere better, that my *Ladies Grace*,

Would here, take vp Sir, and keepe house with you.

P.IV. What say they? STA. We could consent, Sir, willingly.

BAND. I, if we knew her *Grace* had the least liking.

WAX. We must obey her *Graces* will, and pleasure.

P.IV. I thanke you, *Gentlemen*, ply 'hem, *Lickfinger*.

Giue mother *Mortgage*, there—LIC. Her doze of Sacke.

I haue it for her, and her distance of *Hum*.

PEC. Indeepe therein, I must confesse, deare *Cousin*,

I am a most vnfortunate *Princesse*. ALM. And

You still will be so, when your *Grace* may helpe it.

MAD. Who'd lie in a roome, with a close-stoole, and garlick?

And kennell with his dogges? that had a *Prince*

Like this young *Perry-boy*, to sojourne with?

SHV. He'll let you ha' your liberty—ALM. Goe forth,

Whither you please, and to what company—

*The Gallants
are all about
Pecunia.*

MAD. Scatter your selfe amongst vs— P.IV. Hope of *Pernassus*!
 Thy *Iuy* shall not wither, nor thy *Bayes*,
 Thou shalt be had into her *Graces* Cellat,
 And there know Sacke, and Claret, all *December*,
 Thy veine is rich, and we must cherish it.
Poets and Bees swarme now adaies, but yet
 There are not those good *Tauernes*, for the one sort,
 As there are *Flowrie* fields to feed the other.
 Though Bees be pleas'd with dew, aske little *waxe*
 That brings the honey to her *Ladies* hiue:
 The *Poet* must haue wine. And he shall haue it.

ACT.III. SCENE.II.

PENI-BOY. SE. PENY-BOY. IV.
 LICKFINGER. &c.

Broker? what Broker? P.IV. Who's that? my Vncle!
 P. SE. I am abus'd, where is my Knaue? my Broker?
 LIC. Your Broker is laid out vpon a bench, yonder,
 Sacke hath seiz'd on him, in the shape of sleepe.
 PIC. Hee hath beene dead to vs almost this houre.
 P. SE. This houre? P. CA. Why sigh you Sr? 'cause he's at rest?
 P. SE. It breeds my vnrest. LIC. Will you take a cup
 And try if you can sleepe? P. SE. No, cogging Iacke,
 Thou and thy cups too, perish. SHV. O, the Sacke!
 MAD. The sacke, the sacke! P. CA. A *Madrigall* on Sacke!
 PIC. Or rather an *Elegy*, for the Sacke is gone.
 PEC. VVhy doe you this, Sir? spill the wine, and raue?
 For *Brokers* sleeping? P. SE. VVhat through sleepe, and Sacke,
 My trust is wrong'd: but I am still awake,
 To waite vpon your *Grace*, please you to quit
 This strange lewd company, they are not for you.
 PEC. No *Guardian*, I doe like them very well.
 P. SE. Your *Graces* pleasure be obseru'd, but your
Statute, and *Band*, and *Waxe*, will goe with me.
 SAT. Truly we will not. BAN. VVe will stay, and wait here
 Vpon her *Grace*, and this your *Noble Kinsman*.
 P. SE. Noble? how noble! who hath made him noble?
 P. IV. VVhy, my most noble money hath, or shall,
 My *Princessse*, here. She that had you but kept,
 And treated kindly, would haue made you *noble*,
 And wise, too: nay, perhaps haue done that for you,
 An *Act* of *Parliament* could not, made you *honest*.

He strikes
the Sacke
out of his
band.

Hee would
haue *Pecu-
nia* home.
But shee
refuseth.
And her
Frame.

The truth is, Vncle, that her Grace dislikes
Her entertainment: specially her lodging.

PEC. Nay, say her iaille. Neuer *unfortunate* Princesse,
Was vs'd so by a Iaylor. Aske my women,
Band, you can tell, and *Statue*, how he has vs'd me,
Kept me close prisoner, vnder twenty bolts—

STA. And forty padlocks—BAN. All malicious ingines
A wicked *Smith* could forge out of his yron:
As locks, and keyes, Chacles, and manacles,
To torture a great Lady. STA. H'has abus'd
Your Graces body. PEC. No, he would ha' done,
That lay not in his power: he had the vse
Of our bodies, *Band*, and *Waxe*, and sometimes *Statutes*:
But once he would ha' smother'd me in a chest,
And strangl'd me in leather, but that you
Came to my rescue, then, and gaue mee ayre.

STA. For which he cramb'd vs vp in a close boxe,
All three together, where we saw no *Sunne*
In one *sixt moneths*. WAX. A cruell man he is!

BAN. H'has left my fellow *Waxe* out, i'the cold,

STA. Till she was stiffe, as any frost, and crumb'd
Away to dust, and almost lost her forme.

WAX. Much adoe to recover me. P. SE. Women leerers:
Haue you learn'd too, the subtil facultie:
Come, I'll shew you the way home, if drinke,
Or, too full diet haue disguis'd you. BAN. Troth,
We haue not any mind, Sir, of returne—

STA. To be bound back to backe—BAN. And haue our legs
Turn'd in, or writh'd about—WAX. Or else display'd—

STA. Be lodg'd with dust and fleas, as we were wont—

BAN. And dyeted with dogs dung. P. SE. Why? you whores,
My bawds, my instruments, what should I call you,
Man may thinke base inough for you? P. IV. Heare you, vncle.
I must not heare this of my *Princesse* seruants,
And in *Apollo*, in *Pecunia's* roome,

Goe, get you downe the staires: Home, to your Kennell,
As swiftly as you can. Consult your dogges,
The *Lares* of your family; or belecue it,
The fury of a foote-man, and a drawer

Hangs ouer you. SHV. Cudgelt, and pot doe threaten
A kinde of vengeance. MAD. Barbers are at hand.

ALM. Wwashing and shauing will ensue. FIT. The Pumpe
Is not farre off; If't were, the sinke is neere:

Ora good Iordan. MAD. You haue now no money,

SHV. But are a Rascall. P. SE. I am cheated, robb'd
Leer'd by confederacy. FIT. No, you are kick'd
And vsed kindly, as you should be. SHV. Spurn'd,

They all
threaten,

And spurne
him.

From all commerce of men, who are a cutre.

ALM. A stinking dogge, in a dublet, with foule linnen.

MAD. A snarling Rascall, hence. SHV. Out. P. SE. Wel, re-
I am coozen'd by my Cousin, and his whore! (member,

Bane o'these meetings in *Apollo*! LIC. Goe, Sir,

You will be tost like *Black*, in a blanket else.

P. IV. Downe with him, *Lickfinger*. P. SE. Saucy lacke away,

Pecunia is a whore. P. IV. Play him downe, *Fidlers*,

And drown his noise. Who's this? FIT. O Master *Pyed-mantle*!

ACT.III. SCENE.IV.

PYED-MANTLE. (to them.

BY your leaue, Gentlemen. FIT. Her Graces Herald,

ALM. No Herald yet, a Heraldet. P. IV. What's that?

P. CA. A *Catter*. P. IV. O, thou said'st thou'd'st sproue vs all

P. CA. Sir, here is one will proue himsefse so, streight, (so!

So shall the rest, in time. P. C. My *Pedigree*?

I tell you, friend, he must be a good *Scholler*,

Can my *discent*. I am of *Princely* race,

And as good blood, as any is i'the mines,

Runnes through my veines. I am, euery limb, a *Princesse*!

Dutcheffe o' mynes, was my great Grandmother.

And by the Fathers side, I come from *Sal*.

My Grand-father was *Duke of Or*, and match'd

In the blood-royall of *Ophyr*. PYE. Here's his *Coat*.

PEC. I know it, if I heare the *Blazon*. PYE. He beares

In a field *Azure*, a *Sunne* proper, *beamy*,

Twelue of the *second*. P. CA. How fair's this from *canting*?

P. IV. Her Grace doth vnderstand ti. P. CA. She can *cant*, *Sr*.

PEC. What be these? *Besants*? PYE. Yes, an't please your Grace.

PEC. That is our *Coat* too, as we come from *Or*.

What *line*'s this? PYE. The rich mynes of *Potosi*.

The *Spanish* mynes i'the *West-Indies*. PEC. This?

PYE. The mynes o' *Hungary*, this of *Barbary*.

PEC. But this, this little branch. P. C. The *Welsh*-myne that.

PEC. I ha' *Welsh*-blood in me too, blaze, Sir, that *Coat*.

PYE. She beares (an't please you) *Argent*, three *leekes* vers
In *Canton Or*, and *rassell'd* of the first.

P. CA. Is not this *canting*? doe you vnderstand him?

P. IV. Not I, but it sounds well, and the whole thing
Is rarely painted, I will haue such a sorowle,

What ere it cost me. P.E.C. VVell, at better leasure,
VVe'll take a view of it, and foreward you.

P.IV. Kisse him, sweet *Princesse*, and stile him a *Cousin*.

P.E.C. I will, if you will haue it. *Cousin Pyed-mamle*.

P.IV. I loue all men of vertue, from my *Princesse*,
Vnto my *bigger*, here, old *Canter*, on,
On to my *proffe*; whom proue you the next *Canter*?

P.CA. The *Doctor* here, I will proceed with the *learned*,
VVhen he discourseth of *dissection*,

Or any point of *Anatomy*: that hee tells you,

Of *Vena cana*, and of *vena porta*,

The *Mesentericks*, and the *Mesenterium*.

VVhat does hee else but *cant*? Or if he runne

To his Iudiciall *Astrologic*,

And trowle the *Trine*, the *Quartile* and the *Sextile*,

Platicke aspect, and *Partile*, with his *Hyleg*

Or *Alchochoden*, *Cusses*, and *Horoscope*.

Does not he *cant*? VVho here does vnderstand him? (Master

ALM. This is no *Canter*, tho! P.CA. Or when my *Master*

Talkes of his *Tacticks*, and his *Rankes*, and *Files*;

His *Bringers* vp, his *Leaders* on, and eries,

Faces about to the right hand, the *left*,

Now, as you were: then tells you of *Redoubts*,

Of *Cats*, and *Cortines*. Doth not he *cant*? P.IV. Yes, faith.

P.CA. My Eg-chind *Louicat*, here, when he comes forth

With *Dimeters*, and *Trimeters*, *Tetrameters*,

Pentameters, *Hexameters*, *Catalepticks*,

His *Hyper*, and his *Brachy-Catalepticks*,

His *Pyrrhichs*, *Epitrites*, and *Choriambicks*.

What is all this, but *canting*? MAP. A rare fellow!

SHV. Some begging *Sabeller*! FIT. A decay'd *Doctor* at least!

P.IV. Nay, I doe cherish vertue, though in rags.

P.CA. And you, *Mas Courtier*? P.IV. Now he treats of you,

Stand forth to him, faire. P.CA. With all your *sty-blowne proiects*,

And lookes out of the *politicks*, your *shut-faces*,

And referu'd *Questions*, and *Answers* that you game with, As

Is't a *Cleare businesse*? will it *marriage well*?

My name must not be v'd else. Here, 'twill dash.

Your *businesse* has recei'd a *taim*, giue off,

I may not *prostitute my selfe*. Tut, tut,

That little dust I can blow off, at pleasure.

Here's no such *mountaine*, yet, 't' the whole worke!

But a *light purse* may *keell*. I will *tyde*

This *affayre* for you; giue it *freight*, and *passage*.

And such *mynt-phrases*, as 'tis the worst of *canting*,

By how much it affects the *sense*, it has not.

(him?)

FIT. This is some other then he seemes! P.IV. How like you

She kisseth.

Canter-
Colledge,
begun to be
erctized.

FIR. This cannot be a *Canter*! P.Iv. But he is, Sir,
And shall be still, and so shall you be too:
We'll all be *Canter*s. Now, I thinke of it,
A noble *Whimsie*'s come into my braine!

I'll build a *Colledge*, I, and my *Pecunia*,
And call it *Canter*s *Colledge*, sounds it well?

ALM. Excellent! P.Iv. And here stands my *Fisher* *Relier*,
And you *Professors*, you shall all *professe*
Something, and liue there, with her *Grace* and me,
Your *Founders*: I'll endow 't with lands, and meanes,
And *Lickfinger* shall be my *Master-Cooke*.

What? is he gone? P.CA. And a *Professor*. P.Iv. Yes.

P.CA. And read *Aptius de reculinaria*
To your braue *Doxia*, and you! P.Iv. You, *Confin* *Pisson*,
Shall (as a *Courtier*) read the *politicks*;
Doctör *Al-manack*, hee shall read *Astrology*,
Shunfeld shall read the *Military Arts*.

That's Ma-
drigall.

P.CA. As *caruing*, and *assaulting* the cold *custard*.

P.Iv. And *Horace* here, the *Art of Poetry*.

His *Lyricks*, and his *Madrigalls*, fine *Songs*,
Which we will haue at dinner, steep't in claret,
And against supper, sow't in sacke. MAD. In troth
A diuine *Whimsie*! SHV. And a worthy worke,
Fit for a *Chronicle*! P.Iv. Is't not? SHV. To alliges.

P.Iv. And *Pyed-mantle*, shall giue vs all our *Armes*,
But *Picklocke*, what wouldst thou be? Thou canst *can* too.

PIC. In all the languages in *Westminster-Hall*,
Pleas, *Bench*, or *Chancery*. *Fee-Farmer*, *Fee-Tayle*,
Tennant in dower, *At will*, *For Terms of life*,
By *Copy of Court Roll*, *Knights seruice*, *Homage*,
Fealty, *Escuage*, *Succage*, or *Frank almoigne*,
Grand Sergeantry, or *Burgage*. P.Iv. Thou appear'st,
Katharine, a *Canter*. Thou shalt read

All *Littletons* *tenures* to me, and indeed
All my *Conueyances*. PIC. And make 'hem too, Sir?
Keepe all your *Courts*, be *Steward* o' your *lands*,
Let all your *Leases*, keepe your *Euidences*,
But first, I must procure, and passe your *mort-maine*
You must haue licence from aboue, Sir. P.Iv. Feare not,
Pecunia's friends shall doe it. P.CA. But I shall stop it.
Your worships louing, and *obedient father*,
Your painefull *Steward*, and lost *Officer*!
Who haue done this, to try how you would vse
Pecunia, when you had her: which since I see,
I will take home the *Lady*, to my charge,
And these her *seruants*, and leaue you my *Cloak*,
To trauell in to *Beggers Bush*! A *Scate*,

Here his fa-
ther disco-
uers him-
selfe.

Is built already, furnish'd too, worth twentie
Of your imagin'd structures, *Canters Colledge*.

FIT. 'Tis his Father! MAD. Hee's aliue, me thinks.

ALM. I knew he was no Rogue! P. CA. Thou, *Prodigall*,
Was I so carefull for thee, to procure,
And plot wi' my learn'd *Counsell*, Master *Picklocke*,
This noble match for thee, and dost thou prostitute,
Scatter thy *Mistresse* fauours, throw away
Her bounties, as they were red-burning coales,
Too hot for thee to handle, on such rascalls?
Who are the scumme, and excrements of men?
If thou had'st sought out good, and vertuous persons
Of these professions: I had lou'd thee, and them.
For these shall neuer haue that plea 'gainst me,
Or colour of aduantage, that I hate
Their callings, but their manners, and their vices.

A worthy *Courtier*, is the ornament
Of a *Kings Palace*, his great *Masters* honour.
This is a moth, a rascall, a Court-rat,
That gnawes the common-wealth with broking suits,
And eating griuances! So, a true *Souldier*,
He is his *Countrys strength*, his *Soueraignes safety*,
And to secure his peace, he makes himselfe.
The *key* of danger, nay the *subject* of it,
And runnes those vertuous hazards, that this *Scarre-crow*
Cannot endure to heare of. SAY. You are pleasant, Sir.

P. CA. With you I dare be! Here is *Pyed-mantle*,
'Cause he's an *Ass*, doe not I loue a *Herald*?
Who is the pure preseruer of descents,
The keeper faire of all *Nobility*,
Without which all would runne into confusion?
Were he a *learned Herald*, I would tell him
He can giue *Armes*, and *markes*, he cannot honour,
No more then *money* can make *Noble*: It may
Giue place, and ranke, but it can giue no *Vertue*.
And he would thanke me, for this truth. This dog-Leach,
You stile him *Doctor*, 'cause he can compile
An *Almanack*; perhaps erect a *Scheme*
For my great *Madams* monkey: when 't has ta'ne
A glister, and bewra'd the *Ephemerides*.
Doe I despise a learn'd *Physician*?
In calling him a *Quack-Saluer*? or blast
The *euer-living ghirland*, alwaies greene
Of a good *Poe*? when I say his *wreath*
Is piec'd and patch'd of dirty witherd flowers?
Away, I am impatient of these vlcers,
(That I not call you worse) There is no fore,

*Hee points
him to his
patch'd
cloake
throwne
off.*

Or Plague but you to infect the times, I abhorre
Your very scent. Come, Lady, since my Prodigall
Knew not to entertaine you to your worth,
I'll see if I haue learn'd, how to receiue you,
With more respect to you, and your faire traine here.
Farewell my Begger in velues, for to day,
To morrow you may put on that *grace Robe*,
And enter your great worke of *Canters Colledge*,
Your worke and worthy of a *Chronicle*,

The fourth Intermeane after the fourth Act.

TATLE. *Why? This was the worst of all! the Catastrophe!*

CEN. *The matter began to be good, but now: and he has spoyl'd it all, with his Begger there!*

MIRT. *A beggerly lacke it is, I warrant him, and a kin to the Poet.*

TAT. *Like enough, for hee had the chiefest part in his play, if you marke it.*

EXP. *Absurdity on him, for a huge ouergrowne Play-maker! why should he make him liue againe, when they, and we all thought him dead? If he had left him to his ragges, there had bene an end of him.*

TAT. *I, but let a beggar on horse-backe, bee'll neuer linne till hee be a gallop.*

CEN. *The young heire grew a fine Gentleman, in this last Act!*

EXP. *So he did, Gossip: and kept the best company.*

CEN. *And feasted 'hem, and his Mistresse!*

TAT. *And shew'd her to 'hem all! was not iealous!*

MIRTH. *But very communicatiue, and liberall, and became so be magnificent, if the churle his father would haue let him alone.*

CEN. *It was spitefully done o' the Poet, to make the Chuffe take him off in his height, when he was going to doe all his brave deedes!*

EXP. *To found an Academy!*

TAT. *Erect a Colledge!*

EXP. *Plant his Professors, and water his Lectures.*

MIRTH. *With wine, gossips, as he meant to doe, and then to defraud his purposes?*

EXP. *Kill the hopes of so many towardly young spirits?*

TAT. *As the Doctors?*

CEN. *And the Courtiers! I protest, I was in loue with Master Fitton. He did weare all he had, from the hat-band, to the shoe-tye, so politically, and would stoop, and leere?*

MIRTH. *And lie so, in wait for a piece of wit, like a Mouse-trap?*

EXP. Indeed Gossip, so would the little Doctor, all his behaviour was meeoglister! O' my conscience, hee would make any parties physicke i' the world worke, with his discourse.

MIR. I wonder they would suffer it, a foolish old fornicating Father, so ravish away his sonnes Mistresse.

CEN. And all her women, at once, as hee did!

TAT. I would ha' flyen in his gypies face's faith.

MIRTH. It was a plaine piece of politicall incest, and worthy to be brought afore the high Commission of wits. Suppose we were to censure him, you are the youngest voyce, Gossip Tattle, beginne.

TATTLE. Mary, I would ha' the old conicatcher woozen'd of all he has, i' the young heyres defence, by his learn'd Counsell, M^r Picklocke!

CENSURE. I would rather the Courtier had found out some trickes to begge him, from his estate!

EXP. Or the Captaine had courage enough to beat him.

CEN. Or the five Madrigall-man, in rime, to have runne him out o' the Countrey, like an Irish rat.

TAT. No, I would haue Master Pyed-mantle, her Graces Herald, to pluck downe his hatchments, reverse his coat-armour, and nullifie him for no Gentleman.

EXP. Nay, then let Master Doctor dissect him, haue him open'd, and his stripes translated to Lickinggton, some other probationer dish of.

CEN. TAT. Agreed! Agreed!

MIRTH. Faith I would haue him flat disinherited, by a decree of Court, bound to make restitution of the Lady Pecunia, and the vse of her body to his sonne.

EXP. And her traine, to the Gentlemen.

CEN. And both the Poet, and himselfe, to aske them all forgiveness!

TAT. And us too.

CEN. In two large sheetes of paper—

EXP. Or to stand in a skin of parchement, (which the Court please)

CEN. And those fill'd with newes!

MIRTH. And dedicated to the sustaining of the Staple!

EXP. Which their Poet hath let fall, most abruptly?

MIRTH. Bankruptly, indeed!

CEN. Tousey witsily, Gossip, and therefore let a protest goe out against him.

MIR. A mourniuall of protests; or a gleeke at least!

EXP. In all our names:

CEN. For a decay'd wit—

EXP. Broken—

TAT. Non-soluent—

CENSURE. And, for ever, forget—

MIRTH. To scorne, of Mirth?

CEN. Censure!

EXP. Expectation!

TAT. Subsign'd. Tattle, Stay, they come againe.



ACT. V. SCENE. I.

PENY-BOY: IV. { to him THO. BARBER.

{ after, PICKLOCKE.

Hee comes.
out in the
patchd cloake
his father
left him.



Ay, they are fit, as they had been made for me,
And I am now a thing, worth looking at!
The same, I said I would be in the morning.
No Rogue, at a *Comitia* of the *Camers*,
Did euer there become his *Parents Robes*
Better, then I do these: great foole! and begger!

Why doe not all that are of those *societies*,
Come forth, and gratulate mee one of theirs?
Me thinks, I should be, on euery side, saluted,
Dauphin of beggers! *Prince* of *Prodigalls*!
That haue so fall'n vnder the cares, and eyes,
And tongues of all, the fable o'the time,
Matter of scorne, and marke of reprehension!
I now begin to see my vanity,
Shine in this *Glasse*, reflected by the *falle*!
Where is my *Fashioner*? my *Feather-man*?
My *Linnener*? *Perfumer*? *Barber*? all?
That *taile* of *Riôt*, follow'd me this morning?
Not one! but a darke solitude about mee,
Worthy my cloake, and patches; as I had
The *epidemicall* disease vpon mee:
And I'll sit downe with it. THO. My *Master*! *Maker*!
How doe you? Why doe you sit thus o'the ground, Sir?
Heare you the *newes*? P. IV. No, nor I care to heare none.
Would I could here sit still, and slip away
The other one and twenty, to haue this
Forgotten, and the day rac'd out, expung'd,
In euery *Ephemerides*, or *Almanack*.
Or if it must be in, that *Time* and *Nature*
Haue decree'd; still, let it be a day
Of tickling *Prodigalls*, about the gills;
Deluding gaping heires, loosing their loues,
And their discretions; falling from the fauours
Of their best friends, and parents; their owne hopes;

And

And entring the society of *Caniers*.

THO. A dolefull day it is, and dismall times
Are come vpon vs: I am cleare vndone.

(P. Iv. Ha!

P. Iv. How, *Thom*? THO. Why? broke! broke! wretchedly broke!

THO. Our *Staple* is all to pieces, quite dissolu'd! P. Iv. Ha!

THO. Shiuer'd, as in an earth-quake! heard you not
The cracke and ruines? we are all blowne vp!

Soone as they heard th' *Infanta* was got from them,

Whom they had so deuoured i'their hopes,

To be their *Patronesse*, and sojourne with 'hem;

Our *Emissaries*, *Register*, *Examiner*,

Flew into vapor: our graue *Gouernour*

Into a subt'ler ayre; and is return'd

(As we doe heare) grand-*Captaine* of the *leerers*.

I, and my fellow melted into butter,

And spoyl'd our Inke, and so the *Office* vanish'd.

The last *hum*. that it made, was, that your Father,

And *Picklocke* are fall'n out, the *man o' Law*.

P. Iv. How? this awakes me from my lethargy.

THO. And a great suite, is like to be betweene 'hem,

Picklocke denies the *Feoffment*, and the *Trust*,

(Your Father saies) ~~he made of the whole estate,~~

Vnto him, as respecting his mortalitie,

When he first laid this late device, to try you.

P. Iv. Has *Picklock* then a *trust*? THO. I cannot tell,

Here comes the *worshipfull*—PIC. What? my veluet-*heyre*,

Turn'd begger in minde, as robes? P. Iv. You see what case,

Your, and my Fathers plots haue brought me to.

P. Ic. Your Fathers, you may say, indeed, not mine.

Hee's a hard hearted Gentleman! I am sorie

To see his rigid resolution!

That any man should so put off affection,

And humane nature, to destroy his owne!

And triumph in a victory so cruell!

He's fall'n out with mee, for being yours,

And calls me Knaue, and Traytors to his *Trust*,

Saies he will haue me throwne ouer the *Barre*—

P. Iv. Ha? you deseru'd it? PIC. O, good heauen knowes

My conscience, and the silly latitude of it!

A narrow minded man! my thoughts doe dwell

All in a *Lane*, or line indeed; No turning,

Nor scarce obliquitie in them. I still looks

Right forward to th' intent, and scope of that

Which he would go from now. P. Iv. Had you a *Trust*, then?

P. Ic. Sir, I had somewhat, will keepe you still *Lord*

Of all the estate, (if I be honest) as

I hope I shall. My tender scrupulous brest

Hee starts
up at this.

Picklocke
enters.

Will not permit me see the *heire* defrauded,
And like an *Alyen*, thrust out of the blood,
The *Lawes* forbid that I should giue consent,
To such a ciuill slaughter of a Sonne.

P. Iv. Where is the deed? hast thou it with thee? P. Ic. No,
It is a thing of greater consequence,
Then to be borne about in a blacke boxe,
Like a *Low-countrie* *worlosse*, or *Welsh-brieffe*.
It is at *Lickfingers*, vnder locke and key.

P. Iv. O, fetch it hither. P. Ic. I haue bid him bring it,
That you might see it. P. Iv. Knowes he what brings?

P. Ic. No more then a Gardiners *Asse*, what roots he carries,

P. Iv. I was a sending my Father, like an *Asse*,
A penitent Epistle, but I am glad

I did not, now. P. Ic. Hang him, an austere grape,
That has no iuice, but what is veriuice in him.

P. Iv. I'll shew you my letter! P. Ic. Shew me a *defiance*!

If I can now commit Father, and Sonne,
And make my profits out of both. Commence
A suite with the *old man*, for his whole state,
And goe to *Law* with the Sonnes credit, vndoe
Both, both with their owne money, it were a piece
Worthy my night-cap, and the Gowne I weare,
A *Picklockes* name in *Law*. Where are you Sir?
What doe you doe so long? P. Iv. I cannot find
Where I haue laid it, but I haue laid it safe.

P. Ic. No matter, Sir, trust you vnto my *Trust*,
'Tis that that shall secure you, an absolute deed!
And I confesse, it was in *Trust*, for you,
Lest any thing might haue hapned mortall to him:
But there must be a gratitude thought on,
And aid, Sir, for the charges of the suite,
Which will be great, 'gainst such a mighty man,
As is our Father, and a man possesse
Of so much *Land*, *Pecunia* and her friends.

I am not able to wage *Law* with him,
Yet must maintaine the thing, as mine owne right,
Still for your good, and therefore must be bold
To vse your credit for monies. P. Iv. What thou wilt,
So wee be safe, and the *Trust* beare it. P. Ic. Feare not,
'Tis hee must pay arrerages in the end.
Wee'l milke him, and *Pecunia*, draw their creame downe,
Before he get the deed into his hands.

My name is *Picklocke*, but hee ll finde me a *Padlocke*.

Petty-boy
runnes out
to fetch his
letter.

ACT. V. SCENE. II.

PENY-BOY. CAN. PENY-BOY. IV.
PICKLOCK. THO. BARBAR.

HOW now? conferring wi' your *learned Counsell*,
Vpo' the Cheat? Are you o' the *plot* to coozen mee?
P. IV. What *plot*? P. SE. Your *Counsell* knowes there, M^r. *Picklock*,
Will you restore the *Trust* yet? PIC. Sir, take patience.
And memory vnto you, and bethinke you,
What *Trust*? where dost appeare? I haue your *Deed*,
Doth your *Deed* specifie any *Trust*? Is't not
A perfect *Act*? and absolute in *Law*?
Seal'd and deliuer'd before witnesses?
The *day* and *date*, emergent. P. CA. But what conference?
What othes, and vowes preceded? PIC. I will tell you, Sir,
Since I am vrg'd of those, as I remember,
You told me you had got a growen estate,
By griping meanes, sinisterly. (P. CA. How!) PIC. And were
Eu'n weary of it; if the *parties* liued,
From whom you had wrested it—(P. CA. Ha!) PIC. You could
To part with all, for satisfaction: (be glad,
But since they had yeelded to humanity,
And that iust heauen had sent you, for a punishment
(You did acknowledge it) this riotous *heyre*,
That would bring all to beggery in the end,
And daily sow d consumption, where he went—
P. CA. You'old coozen both, then? your Confederate, too?
PIC. After a long, mature deliberation,
You could not thinke, where, better, how to place it—
P. CA. Then on you, Rascall? PIC. What you please i' your
But with your reason, you will come about (passion,
And thinke a faithfull, and a frugall friend
To be prefer'd. P. CA. Before a Sonne? PIC. A *Prodigall*,
A tubbe without a bottome, as you term'd him;
For which, I might returne you a vow, or two,
And seale it with an oath of thankfulnessse,
I not repent it, neither haue I cause, Yet— (dence
P. CA. Fore-head of steele, and mouth of brasse! hath impu-
Polish'd so grosse a lie, and dar'st thou vent it?
Engine, compos'd of all mixt mettalls! hence,
I will not change a syllab, with thee, more,
Till I may meet thee, at a *Barre* in Court,

is Som en-
eats him.

Before thy *Judges*. P. C. Thither it must come,
Before I part with it, to you, or you, Sir. (though.

P. CA. I will not heare thee. P. Iv. Sir, your eare to mee,
Not that I see through his perplexed plots,
And hidden ends, nor that my parts depend
Vpon the vnwinding this so knotted skeane,
Doe I beseech your patience. Vnto mee
He hath confest the *trust*. P. C. How? I confesse it?

P. Iv. I thou, false man. P. SE. Stand vp to him, & confront him.

P. C. Where? when? to whom? P. Iv. To me, euen now, and
Canst thou deny it? P. C. Can I eate, or drinke? (here,
Sleepe, wake, or dreame? arise, sit, goe, or stand?
Doe any thing that's naturall? P. Iv. Yes, lye:
It seemes thou canst, and periure: that is naturall!

P. C. O me! what times are these! of frontlesse carriage!
An Egge o' the same nest! the Fathers Bird!
It runs in a blood, I see! P. Iv. I'll stop your mouth.

P. C. With what? P. Iv. With *truth*. P. C. With noise, I must
Where is your witnes? you can produce witnes? (haue witnes.

P. Iv. As if my testimony were not *twenty*,
Balanc'd with thine? P. C. So say all *Prodigalls*,
Sicke of selfe-loue, but that's not *Law*, young *Scatter-good*.
I lye by *Law*. P. Iv. Why? if thou hast a conscience,
That is a thousand witnesses. P. C. No, *Court*,
Grants out a *Writ of Summons*, for the Conscience,
That I know, nor *Sub-pana*, nor *Attachment*.
I must haue witnesse, and of your producing,

Hoe produ-
ceth Thom.

Ere this can come to hearing, and it must
Be heard on oath, and witnesse. P. Iv. Come forth, *Thom*,
Speake what thou heard'st, the truth, and the whole truth,
And nothing but the truth. What said this varlet?

P. C. A rat behind the hangings! THO. Sir, he said
It was a *Trust*! an *Att*, the which your Father
Had will to alter: but his tender brest
Would not permit to see the *heyre* defrauded;
And like an *alyen*, thrust out of the blood.
The *Lawes* forbid that he should giue consent
To such a ciuill slaughter of a Sonne—

P. Iv. And talk'd of a gratuitie to be giuen,
And ayd vnto the charges of the suite;
Which he was to maintaine, in his owne name,
But for my vse, he said. P. CA. It is enough.

THO. And he would milke *Pecunia*, and draw downe
Her creame, before you got the *Trust*, againe.

P. CA. Your eares are in my pocket, Knaue, goe shake 'hem,
The little while you haue them. P. C. You doe trust
To your great purse. P. CA. I ha' you in a *purse-net*,
Good

Good Master *Picklocke*, wi' your worming braine,
And wrigling ingine-head of maintenance,
Which I shall see you hole with, very shortly.
A fine round head, when those two lugs are off,
To trundle through a *Pillory*. You are sure
You heard him speake this? P.IV. I, and more. THO. (more! Much

PIC. I'll proue yours *maintenance*, and *combination*,
And sue you all. P.CA. Doe, doe, my gown'd *Falsare*,
Crop in Reuerfion: I shall see you cooyted
Ouer the *Barre*, as Barge-men doe their billets.

PIC. This 'tis, when men repent of their good deeds,
And would ha'hem in againe.—They are almost mad!
But I forgiue their *Lucida Intermilla*.

O, *Lickfinger*? come hither. Where's my writing?

Pick-lock
spies Lick-
finger, and
askes him a-
side for the
writing.

ACT.V. SCENE.III.

LICKFINGER. (to them.

I sent it you, together with your keyes,

PIC. How? LIC. By the *Porter*, that came for it, from you,
And by the token, you had giu'n me the keyes,
And bad me bring it. PIC. And why did you not?

LIC. Why did you send a counter-mand? PIC. Who, I?

LIC. You, or some other you, you put in trust.

PIC. In trust? LIC. Your *Trust's* another selfe, you know,
And without *Trust*, and your *Trust*, how should he
Take notice of your keyes, or of my charge.

PIC. Know you the man? LIC. I know he was a *Porter*,
And a feal'd *Porter* for he bore the badge
On brest, I am sure. PIC. I am lost! a plot! I sent it!

LIC. Why! and I sent it by the man you sent
Whom else, I had not trusted. PIC. Plague o your trust.
I am *trust's* d'vp among you. P.IV. Or you may be.

PIC. In mine owne halter, I haue made the *Noose*.

P.IV. What was it, *Lickfinger*? LIC. A writing, Sir,
He sent for't by a token, I was bringing it:

But that he sent a *Porter*, and hee seem'd
A man of decent carriage. P.CA. 'Twas good fortune!

To cheat the *Cheater*, was no *cheat*, but iustice,
Put off your ragges, and be your selfe againe,

This *Act* of piety, and good affection,
Hath partly reconcil'd me to you. P.IV. Sir.

Picklocke
goes out.

Young Pe-
ny-boy dis-
covers it,
to his Father
to be his plot
of sending
for it by the
Porter, and
that hee is
in possession
of the Deed.

*Elder Pen-
boy flarles
at the newes.*

P.C. No vowes, no promifes : too much protestation
Makes that suspected oft, we would perswade. (should we ?

LIC. Heare you the *Newes*? P. Iv. The *Office* is downe, how

LIC. But of your *uncle*? P. Iv. No. LIC. He's runne mad, Sir.

P. CA. How, *Lickfinger*? LIC. Stark staring mad, your brother,
H'has almost kill'd his maid. P. CA. Now, heauen forbid.

LIC. But that she's Cat-liu'd, and Squirrill-limb'd,
With throwing bed-staues at her : h'has set wide

His outer doores, and now keepes open house,

For all the passers by to see his iustice :

First, he has apprehended his two dogges,

As being o'the plot to coozen him :

And there hee sits like an old *worme of the peace*,

Wrap'd vp in furies at a square table, screwing,

Examining, and committing the poore cures,

To two old cases of close stooles, as prisons ;

The one of which, he calls his *Lollard's* tower,

Th'other his *Blocke*-house, 'cause his two dogs names

Are *Blocke*, and *Lollard*. P. Iv. This would be braue matter

Vnto the leerers. P. CA. I, If so the subiect

Were not so wretched. LIC. Sure, I met them all,

I thinke, vpon that quest. P. CA. 'Faith, like enough :

The vicious still are swift to shew their natures.

I'll thither too, but with another ayme,

If all succeed well, and my *simples* take.

ACT. V. SCENE. IIIJ.

PENIBOY. SEN. PORTER.

*He is seene
sitting at his
Table with
papers be-
fore him.*

VV Here are the prisoners? POR. They are forth-comming, Sr,
Or comming forth at least. P. SE. The Rogue is drunke,

Since I committed them to his charge. Come hither,

Neere me, yet neerer ; breath vpon me. Wine !

Wine, o'my worship! sacke! Canary sacke!

Could not your *Badge* ha' bin drunke with fulsome Ale ?

Or Beere? the *Porters* element? but sacke!

POR. I am not drunke, we had, Sir, but one pynt,
An honest carrier, and my selfe. P. SE. Who paid for't?

POR. Sir, I did giue it him. P. SE. What? and spend sixpence!
A *Frocke* spend sixpence! sixpence! POR. Once in a yeere, Sir,

P. SE. In seuen yeers, varlet! Know'st thou what thou hast done?
What a consumption thou hast made of a *State*?

*Hee smells
him.*

It might please heauen, (a lusty Knaue and young)
 To let thee liue some *seuenty* yeeres longer.
 Till thou art *four-score*, and *ten*; perhaps, a *hundred*.
 Say *seuenty* yeeres; how many times *seuen* in *seuenty*?
 Why, *seuen* times *ten*, is *ten* times *seuen*, marke me,
 I will demonstrate to thee on my fingers,
Six-pence in *seuen* yeere (vse vpon vse)
 Growes in that first *seuen* yeere, to be a *twelue*-pence.
 That, in the next, *two*-shillings; the third *four*-shillings;
 The fourth *seuen* yeere, *eight*-shillings; the fifth, *sixteen*:
 The sixth, *two* and *thirty*; the seventh, *three-pound* *four*,
 The eighth, *six* pound, and *eight*; the ninth, *twelve* pound *sixteen*;
 And the tenth *seuen*, *five* and *twenty* pound,
Twelue Shillings. This thou art fall'n from, by thy riot!
 Should'st thou liue *seuenty* yeeres, by spending *six-pence*,
 Once i'the *seuen*: but in a day to wast it!
 There is a *Summe* that *number* cannot reach!
 Out o' my house, thou pest o' prodigality!
 Seed o' consumption! hence, a wicked keeper
 Is oft worse then the prisoners. There's thy penny,
Four tokens for thee. Out, away. My dogges,
 May yet be innocent, and honest. If not,
 I haue an entrapping *question*, or two more,
 To put vnto 'hem, a *croffe* *Interrogatory*,
 And I shall catch 'hem; *Lollard* & *Peace*,
 What whispring was that you had with *Mortgage*,
 When you last lick'd her feet? The truth now. *Ha*?
Did you smell *shee* was going? Put downe that. *And not*,
Not to returne? You are silent. good. And, when
 Leap'd you on *Statute*? *As she went forth*? *Consent*.
 There was *Consent*, as *shee* was going forth.
 'Twould haue beene fitter at her comming home,
 But you knew *that she would not*? To your Tower,
 You are cunning, are you? I will meet your craft.
Blocke, shew your face, leaue your caresses, tell me,
 And tell me truly, what affronts do you know
 Were done *Pecunia*? that she left my house?
None, say you so? *not that you know*? or *will know*?
 I feare me, I shall find you an obstinate *Carre*.
 Why, did your fellow *Lollard* cry this morning?
Cause *Broker* kicke him? why did *Broker* kicke him?
Because he pist against my Ladies Gowne?
 Why, that was no affront? no? no distast?
You knew o' none. Yo'are a dissembling *Tyke*,
 To your hole, againe, your *Blocke*-house. *Lollard*, arise,
 Where did you lift your legge vp, last? 'gainst what?
 Are you struck *Dummerer* now? and whine for mercy?

*Hee calls
forth Lollard, and
examines
him.*

*He commits
him againe.*

*Calls forth
Blocke, and
examines
him.*

*Commits
him.*

*Lollard is
call'd againe.*

Blocke is
sumon'd the
second time.

Hee is re-
manded-

Lollard has
the liberty of
the house.

Whose Kirtle was't, you gnaw'd too? Mistresse Bands?
And Waxe's stockings? who did? Blocke bescomber
Statutes white suite? wi' the parchment lace there?
And Brokers Sattin dublet? all will out.
They had offence, offence enough to quit mee.
Appeare Blocke, fough, 'tis manifest. He shewes it,
Should he for-sweare't, make all the Affadavits,
Against it, that he could afore the Bench,
And twenty Iuries; hee would be conuinc'd.
He beares an ayre about him, doth confesse it!
To prison againe, close prison. Not you Lollard,
You may enioy the liberty o'the house,
And yet there is a quirke come in my head,
For which I must commit you too, and close,
Doe not repine, it will be better for you.

Enter the
Iccers.

ACT. V. SCENE. II.

CYMBAL. FITTON. SHUNFIELD. ALMA-
NACH. MADRIGAL. PENY-BOY. SEN.
LICK FINGER.

THIS is enough to make the dogs mad too,
Let's in vpon him. P. SE. How now? what's the matter?
Come you to force the prisoners? make a rescue?
FIT. We come to baile your dogs. P. SE. They are not baile-
They stand committed without baile, or mainprise, (able,
Your baile cannot be taken. SHV. Then the truth is,
We come to vex you. ALM. Icere you. MAD. Bate you rather.
CYM. A bated vsferer will be good flesh.
FIT. And tender, we are told. P. SE. Who is the Butcher,
Amongst you, that is come to cut my throat?
SHV. You would dye a calues death faine: but 'tis an Oxes,
Is meant you. FIT. To be fairely knock'd o'the head.
SHV. With a good Iceere or two. P. SE. And from your iaw-
Don Asimigo? CYM. Shunfield, a Iceere, you haue it. (bone,
SHV. I doe confesse a washing blow? but Snarle,
You that might play the third dogge, for your teeth,
You ha' no money now? FIT. No, nor no Mortgage.
ALM. Nor Band. MAD. Nor Statute. CYM. No, nor blusher Wax.
P. SE. Nor you no Office, as I take it. SHV. Cymbal,
A mighty Iceere. FIT. Pox o'these true icasts, I say.

MAD. He will turne the better ierer. ALM. Let's vpon him,
And if we cannot iere him downe in wit, (O' warre.

MAD. Let's do't in noyse. SHV. Content. MAD. Charge, man

ALM. Lay him, aboard. SHV. We'll gi' him a broad side, first.

FIT. Wher's your venison, now? CYM. Your red-Deer-pyes?

SHV. Wi' your bak'd Turkeyes? ALM. and your Partridges?

MAD. Your Pheasants, & fat Swans? P. SE. Like you, turn'd Geese.

MAD. But such as will not keepe your Capitoll? (in?

SHV. You were wont to ha' your Bycams--- ALM. And Trouts sent

CYM. Fat Carps, and Salmones? FIT. Land now, and then,

An Embleme, o' your selfe, an o're-growne Pyke?

P. SE. You are a lack, Sir. FIT. You ha' made a shift
To swallow twenty such poore lacks ere now.

ALM. If he should come to feed vpon poore-Iohn?

MAD. Or turne pure lack-a-Lent after all this?

FIT. Tut, he'll liue like a Graf-hopper--- MAD. On dew.

SHV. Or like a Beare, with licking his owne clawes.

CYM. I, If his dogs were away. ALM. He'll eat them, first,
While they are fat. FIT. Faith, and when they are gone;
Here's nothing to be seene beyond. CYM. Except
His kindred, Spiders, natiues o' the soyle.

ALM. Dust, he will ha' enough here, to breed fleas.

MAD. But, by that time, he'll ha' no blood to reare 'hem.

SHV. He will be as thin as a lanterne, we shall see thorow him,

ALM. And his gut colon, tell his Intestina--- (his ayd.

P. SE. Rogues, Rascalls ("baw waw) FIT. He calls his dogs to

ALM. O! they but rise at mention of his tripes.

CYM. Let them alone, they doe it not for him.

MAD. They barke, *se defendendo*. SHV. Or for custome,
As commonly currres doe, one for another.

LIC. Arme, arme you, Gentlemen Ieerers; th'old Canter
Is comming in vpon you, with his forces;

The Gentleman, that was the Canter. SHV. Hence.

FIT. Away. CYM. What is he? ALM. stay not to ask questions.

FIT. Hee's a flame. SHV. A fornace. ALM. A consumption;

Kills where hee goes. LIC. See! the whole Cowy is scatter'd,

'Ware, 'ware the Hawkes. I loue to see him flye.

*His dogges
barke.

They all run
away.

ACT. V. SCENE. VI.

PENY-BOY. CA. PENY-BOY. SE. PENI-BOY.
IV. PECVNIA. TRaine.

YOU see by this amazement, and distraction,
What your companions were, a poore, affrighted,
And guilty race of men, that dare to stand
No breath of truth: but conscious to themselves
Of their no-wit, or honesty, ranne routed
At euery *Pannicke* terror themselves bred.
Where else, as confident as sounding brasse,
Their tinckling *Captaine*, *Cymbal*, and the rest,
Dare put on any visor, to deride
The wretched: or with *buffon* licence, ieast
At whatsoe'r is serious, if not sacred.

P. SE. Who's this? my brother! and restor'd to life!

P. CA Yes, and sent hither to restore your wits:

If your short madnesse, be not more then anger,
Conceiued for your losse! which I returne you.

See here; your *Mortgage*, *Statute*, *Band*, and *Waxe*,
Without your *Broker*, come to abide with you:

And vindicate the *Prodigall*, from stealing

Away the *Lady*. Nay, *Pecunia* her selfe,

Is come to free him fairely, and discharge

All ties, but those of *Love*, vnto her person,

To vse her like a friend, not like a slaue,

Or like an *Idoll*. Superstition

Doth violate the Deity it worships:

No lesse then scorne doth. And belecue it, *brother*

The vse of things is all, and not the *Store*;

Surfet, and fulnesse, haue kill'd more then *famine*.

The Sparrow, with his little plumage, flies,

While the proud Peacocke, ouer-charg'd with pennes,

Is faine to sweepe the ground, with his growne traine;

And load of feathers. P. SE. Wise, and honour'd brother!

None but a *Brother*, and sent from the dead,

As you are to me, could haue altered me:

I thanke my *Destiny*, that is so gracious.

Are there no paines, no *Penalties* decreed

Peny-boy
Se. acknow-
ledgeth his
elder bro-
ther.

From whence you come, to vs that smother money,
In chests, and strangle her in bagges. P. CA. O, mighty,
In tolerable fines, and mulcts impo'sd!
(Of which I come to warne you) forfeitures

Of whole estates, if they be knowne, and taken!
P. SE. I thanke you *Brother* for the light you haue giuen mee,
I will preuent 'hem all. First free my dogges,
Lest what I ha' done to them (and against *Law*)

Be a *Premuniri*, for by *Magna Charta*
They could not be committed, as close prisoners,
My learned *Counsell* tells me here, my *Cooke*.
And yet he shew'd me, the way, first. LIC. Who did? I?
I trench the liberty o' the subjects? P. CA. Peace,
Picklocke, your Ghest, that *Stentor*, hath infected you,
Whom I haue safe enough in a wooden collar.

P. SE. Next, I restore these seruants to their *Ladie*,
With freedome, heart of cheare, and countenance;
It is their yeere, and day of *Iubilee*.

TRA. We thanke you, Sir. P. SE. And lastly, to my *Nephew*,
I giue my house, goods, lands, all but my vices,
And those I goe to cleanse; kissing this *Lady*
Whom I doe giue him too, and ioine their hands.

P. CA. If the Spectators will ioine theirs, wee thanke 'hem.

P. IV. And wish they may, as I, enioy *Pecunia*.

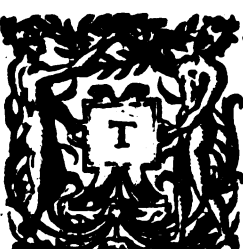
PEC. And so *Pecunia* her selfe doth wish,
That shee may still be ayde vnto their vses,
Nor slaue vnto their pleasures, ora Tyrant
Oner their faire desires; but teach them all
The golden meane: the *Prodigall* how to liue,
The *sordid*, and the *conetons*, how to dye,
That with sound mind; this safe frugality.

Her Traines
thanks him.

THE END.



The Epilogue.

 *Hus haue you seene the Makers double scope,
To profit, and delight; wherein our hope
Is, though the clowd we doe not atwaies hit,
It will not be imputed to his wit:
A Tree so tri'd, and bent, as 't will not start.
Nor doth he often cracke a string of Art,
Though there may other accidents as strange
Happen, the weather of your looks may change,
Or some high wind of mis-conceit arise,
To cause an alteration in our Skyes;
If so, we are sorry that haue so mis-spent
Our Time and Tackle, yet he is confident,
And vow's the next faire day, hee'll haue vs shoot
The same match a're for him, if you'll come to's.*

Österreichische Nationalbibliothek



+Z178176708

